

Sports Illustrated

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Cover photograph by Bill Clark-Lowe



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Next week

TEAMS IN FLUX, the Dallas Cowboys and the L.A. Rams, test some new talent and a new coach in a major preseason match, with Tex Maule on hand to analyze the outcome.

DIVERSE DIVERS, the U.S. women rank in boat in the world. Colossal photographs by Neil Leiser and a closeup of one star by William T. Rouse show how they get that way.

BOXING'S DETRACTORS in-center an eloquent defender in J. P. Henz, who describes the sport's rich, usually wholesome and frequently artistic traditions throughout history.

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How to avoid a communications headache in your next company move.

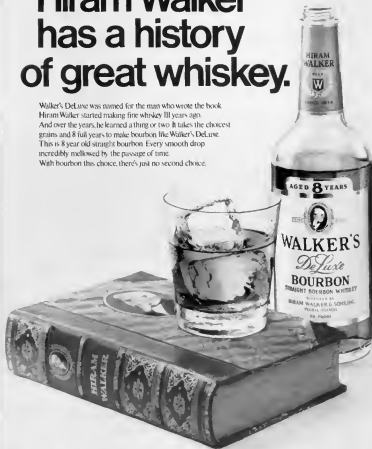


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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN KANE

STRANGE TALK FROM CALI

If Avery Brundage had his way, the U.S. team would win fewer medals at the Pan-Am Games. We field too many of our top stars, the president of the International Olympic Committee believes.

"It doesn't look good for the U.S. to be collaring three-quarters of the Pan-Am medals," he said at Cali, Colombia, before the games began. "Purely as a personal observer, I don't think this looks good for sports, the Pan-Am Games or the U.S. There has to be some resentment by the other countries."

What Brundage overlooks is that it would be an act of condescension to send second-class material to any international meet. And, according to Arthur Lentz, executive director of the U.S. Olympic Committee, there is already resentment abroad "that we have kussed off the Pan-Am Games with makeshift teams, like basketball or even track, in the past games."

"The Colombian Organizing Committee," he says, "was upset because our swimming squad lacks a number of world-class collegiate stars, particularly from Indiana University, who passed up Cali to prepare for the national AAU outdoor in August."

One of the purposes of sport is the achievement of excellence. Pursuit of the second-rate has no part in it.

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

There is good in everything in this best of all possible worlds, an optimist would say, and now Candide has found something nice to report about the high incidence of mercury in such game fish as marlin and swordfish. It has begun to discourage the long-liners—mostly Japanese and some Norwegian commercial fishermen—whose technique of fishing has threatened to destroy the sport of big-game fishing (SI, Jan. 31, 1966). Since the big fish have lately become unmarketable for food in some parts of the world the long-liners have reduced their operations.

Frozen black marlin, shipped from Japan to Honolulu, have been returned to Japan by federal authorities. Hawaii's state government has forbidden the use of marlin in fish cakes, though it is considered to be a delicacy.

At the annual Billfish Tournament off Kona, in Hawaii, 45 marlin were caught. They were turned over to the National Marine Fisheries to determine their mercury content. One participant was Harold Biaggini, a member of the Mexico-Cal team, who scoffed at the fish mercury scare as nonsense.

"Someday," he said, "there'll be a man walking down the streets of Los Angeles and he'll drop dead because of a lack of mercury. Mercury is in everything you eat. It doesn't hurt you."

Biaggini is president of one of the largest individually owned mercury mines in the world.

SOMEBODY UP THERE LIKES HIM

It is the firm conviction of Steve Young, who once studied for the Catholic priesthood, that he has a golfing "partner" upstairs, and he has the scores to prove it. Out on the course, Young has frequent talks with Him, mostly to complain about his game.

At Denver's Meadow Hills Country Club a while back, Young put together the most extraordinary nine holes of golf ever played over a par-36 stretch by an amateur in the U.S. The 27 strokes he took on the front nine included a double eagle, two eagles, two birdies, four pars and just nine putts, two of them wasted on one hole. The 27 has been bettered only twice, both times outside the U.S. Peter Butler once carded a 26 at Old Course in Sunnysdale, England. Closer to home, Max Bandury shot a 26 at Woodstock Golf Club in Woodstock, Ontario. In 1962 Homero Blancas, then an amateur, shot a 27-28—55—on a par-70 course in Longview, Texas. The only professional golfer to equal the feat in America is Mike Souchak, playing in the 1960 Texas Open. His 27, however,

like Blancas', was over a par-35 nine. Meadow Hills is the longest course in Colorado. It carries a PGA rating of 71.9 over its 7,183-yard championship course. Young shot from the white tees, but even these stretch over 6,766 yards.

"The Lord and I have long talks out there on the course," Young said, "and I knew He was doing everything possible to help me out there on that front nine."

He double-bogeyed on No. 10 but finished with an 18-hole score of 63, nine under par.

CARP SHARP

There is a 50-year-old poker sharpie operating in Buena Park, Calif. He is so good that if you play his variation of the game you'll lose 95% of your bets.

The sharpie is a Japanese koi, which is a kind of carp, and he learned the game from D. Leon Smith, a psychologist who has two years at the University of Texas toward his Ph.D. in learning theory. "If we play 100 hands," says Smith, "Old Gold wins 95."

Old Gold's estimated age is 50, and he could live to be 70. Smith paid \$700

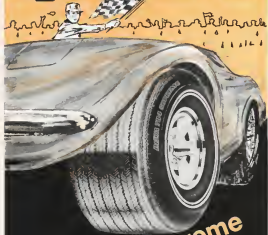


for him two years ago, which is not too unusual a price. Some carp fanciers pay as much as \$95 per inch for good breeders. A Tokyo champion—whatever that means—sold for \$50,000 this year, Smith said, and he couldn't even play blackjack.

Out of a deck containing all the face cards plus the aces and 10s, Old Gold

continued

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SCORECARD continues

is given first pick. There is always an ace or a 10 among the first three cards. Almost invariably, he goes for the ace and continues thereafter to pick the cards most likely to fill out a winning hand.

"It's a discrimination learning cycle," Smith explains. "It's condition teaching. We started out with two cards. Let's say they were the ace and king. If he picked the king he got nothing. If he picked the ace he got a morsel of plain ordinary goldfish food."

Smith's tests have convinced him that a carp's intelligence is equal to that of a dog. But how many dogs have you seen lately who were big winners at poker?

TRUTH IN MARKETING

It has long been known that when a boxing promoter puts out those "Tale of the Tape" figures, listing such factors as reach, biceps circumference and the like, he is relying more on the imagination of his press agent than on a measuring tape. Now comes Paul Wiggins, line coach of the San Francisco 49ers, to scoff at the weights listed for linemen in pro football programs.

"All these years," he said, "I believed the weights listed for outstanding linemen, and then I found out they were far-fetched."

"Carl Eller weighs only 245, Alan Page 238, Deacon Jones 238, Claude Humphrey 240. Mobility and quickness are more important than a lot of weight."

MELANCHOLIA FROM DENMARK

It's been a dismal summer for Atlantic salmon fishing on the Restigouche, that famed Canadian river to which sportsmen have been flocking for generations. Canadian government fisheries biologists estimate that by the time the season ends on Aug. 31, the river will have yielded only about 800 fish. A few years ago catches of 5,000 and 6,000 salmon were not uncommon. Some fishing lodges have already given up and closed for the season.

There is little doubt as to what has brought about the salmon scarcity (SI, Dec. 15, 1969): a booming commercial fishery which threatens not only the Restigouche but salmon streams on both sides of the Atlantic. Particularly devastated is the high-seas fishery off Greenland, where commercial fishermen, mostly Danes and Greenlanders, are taking vast catches. Canadian biologists say that as much as half of the Res-

tigouche salmon are being taken on the high seas. At a meeting of the 15-member International Commission for the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries, the Canadians sought to have the Dunes reduce their catch by 20%, but the motion failed to get a necessary two-thirds agreement. Subsequently the Dunes did agree to hold their catch to the 1969 level. But since that catch amounted to 600 metric tons of salmon (1,320,000 pounds), the Canadians were left less than satisfied.

"All along people have thought there was no end to the salmon in the ocean," said a distressed Restigouche lodge operator. "Now we're finding out that there's an end to everything, including salmon."

A MODEST PROPOSAL

Presidents of the eight colleges and universities of the Big Sky Athletic Conference met recently at the University of Montana to consider ways of financing athletics with the more limited resources they now have.

They decided to reduce from 44 to 40 the number of varsity football players that conference teams can suit up for out-of-town games and to limit the number of players for home games to 30. They also voted to reduce from 12 to 10 the number of varsity basketball players who can suit up for road games and limit to 15 the number for home games.

Athletes' grants-in-aid also would be reduced to 98 from the present 110. No more than 58 of these can be in football and 15 in basketball. Other sports are limited to a total of 25 grants-in-aid. And this fall the presidents will give serious consideration to the costs of recruiting athletes within the conference and how those costs can be reduced.

The Big Sky is not the only conference counting its pennies these days. Charlie McClendon, Louisiana State football coach, and Darrell Royal of Texas have an idea they think might help some schools. They believe that the NCAA should divide its membership into big schools and smaller ones and let each group mind its own store.

One further thought on the subject: why shouldn't professional football and basketball teams, which long have used the colleges as minor league trainers of professional material, be induced to kick in to a college's sports program when they draft one of its players?

continued



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SCORECARD continued

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

Its position in West Germany's Federal League had fallen so low that the Offenbach Kickers soccer team was threatened with expulsion from the league. So, to oblige—and for a consideration—players on other teams agreed to help the Kickers out. They not only lost to Offenbach by arrangement, they played extra hard against Offenbach rivals.

The result is that three players have been suspended—two of them for life, one for 10 years. The latter is of such an age that a 10-year suspension is equivalent to life. None of the teams in the 140 countries represented in the World Soccer Association will be permitted to hire them.

Soccer is rigged. So are its commissioners.

BARGAIN DAY

Elsewhere the fading fad is for Polish or Italian jokes, but in Texas the genre almost always has to do with Texas A&M students. So there's the one about the Aggie preparing for a fishing trip who went into a bait shop and was told he could purchase all the worms he wanted for \$1.

"Great," the Aggie said. "Gimme two bucks' worth."

FASHION NOTE

When the New Orleans Saints opened training, one of the first rules laid down by Coach J. B. Roberts was that any player reporting for a meal in sandals or without socks would be fined \$1,000.

So far, no player has checked to see if he means it.

THEY SAID IT

• Maurice H. Stans, Secretary of Commerce, on exempting sports measurements from his proposal to put the U.S. on the metric system: "I don't think you would ever hear a sports announcer say, 'The Washington Redskins have the ball third down and 9.144 meters to go.'"

• Virgil Carter, Cincinnati Bengal quarterback, who broke in with the Chicago Bears, explaining the complicated play-calling method of George Halas: "The quarterback called almost everything for almost every player on every play. For example, I'd call 'Split near North Len, fake 25, M Hunch, pass zip nine M, Grace, post, fake angle Z.' All it is, really, is a bootleg by the quarterback who throws the ball to the end." **END**



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Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 9, 1971

GOOOOD KIDS ON THE WAY

The All-Stars lost, as usual, but some of the brassy kids who made it close are going to brighten up the pros

by **PETER CARRY**

That ancient amphitheater, Soldier Field in Chicago, was all gussed up for the annual College All-Star Game last week with a fresh coat of paint, new seats and AstroTurf. About the only thing that remained unchanged was the script—the All-Stars lost to the pros, the Super Bowl champion Baltimore Colts, 24-17.

Despite the defeat, these All-Stars were different from their predecessors. At least they looked or sounded different. They had a jazzy, brassy air both on and off the field, and Receiver J. D. Hill—late of Arizona State, soon of the Buffalo



Barring the Colts, All-Star Fullback John Brockington cuts left for a gain and giant Linebacker Julius Adams lands dumped Earl Morrall a hard.

Bills and at the moment offensive captain of the All-Stars—was the brassiest of the lot. "I take the game seriously all the time," he said, "but I've got to relate it to fun. Victory is beautiful, but it's extra beautiful when you relate it to fun. When you're winning and having fun, you can do anything. Man, there's too many other things in the world that aren't fun, so why take it out of this?"

Ultimately, the Colts did take some of the fun away, but not because the Stars failed to take their pro initiation seriously. The Stars hit hard, very hard, particularly the defensive line and line-

backers, yet at the end Baltimore's Tom Matte offered a simple reason for his team's victory. "They were just kids," he said.

Earl Morrall, at 37, knows how to handle kids. Subbing at quarterback for injured John Unitas, he completed 20 of 30 passes and three embarrassingly easy touchdowns. The practiced Colt defense kept the Stars back behind their 37-yard line for the entire second half, and Quarterbacks Jim Plunkett and Dan Pastorini could complete only eight of 24 passes.

On defense, however, the Stars enjoyed their own moments of exuberance.

Coaching the rookies for the first time, Blanton Collier ran the toughest, best organized All-Star training camp in years, much as he used to run the Cleveland Browns. He had a first-rate staff that included Green Bay's former All-Pro defensive end, Willie Davis, and Davis' cunning was particularly evident in the sophisticated tactics used by Linebackers Julius Adams, Rich Harris and Jack Youngblood and Linebackers Isaiah Robertson and Charlie Weaver. These Stars helped trap Morrall four times and held the Colts to 60 yards rushing.

The Stars scored 10 of their points

continued



on a 40-yard field goal by Bob Jacobs, set up by a long penalty against the Colts, and on a 47-yard run of a recovered fumble by Linebacker Jack Ham. Their only sustained drive, 50 yards in nine plays, briefly tied the score 7-7 in the second quarter. In that march former Ohio State fullback John Brockington carried six times, gaining ground to his right as Blockers Henry Allison, Vern Holland and Bob Moore sealed off the Colts' left side of Bubba Smith, Ray May and Charlie Stukes. Plunkett, who will see action soon for the New England Patriots with Joe Kapp on the lam, threw two important passes, one a short dump up the middle to stumpy Running Back Mike Adame for a 22-yard gain, and the other a 15-yard bullet to Hill on the goal line that drew an interference call on the desperate Colt cornerback, Jim Duncan.

The interference was only slightly less in the lobby of the Orrington Hotel in Evanston where the Stars roomed during their three weeks of practice at Northwestern University. The Orrington is one of those places with a plastic lobby—flowers and upholstery—and a branch of Harris, Upham & Company, Inc., members New York Stock Exchange, off to one side. All the Social Security types who sit for hours in a theaterlike section just inside the glass door of the brokerage rarely blink, much less twitch a neck muscle, as the quotations trickle across the screen in luminous green. While the Stars were in residence, the old folks would have been in immediate need of Medicare had they taken their eyes off AT&T long enough to observe the crowd in the lobby.

Meandering through the clusters of tiny autograph-seekers and nubile things tightly wrapped in red mini-pants and shrunken jeans were the Stars, wearing all manner of beard, burn, stash and Afro. One immense linenman's wardrobe apparently consisted solely of a washed-out pair of bib overalls, but most of his teammates were resplendent in multi-colored jump suits, knitted shirts and close-fitting stretch shorts which, had girls been wearing them, would have been called hot pants.

Those good old short-haired boys named Billy Don are not being selected

for the Stars anymore. The only major conferences where black players remain oddities, the Southwest and the South Eastern, are usually heavily represented at this game. This year the SWC and SEC contributed a combined total of three players, equaling Grambling's delegation. Of the 52 All-Stars, nearly all of whom were first- or second-round pro draft choices, 31 were black.

The composition of the team, which included players from such unheard-of schools as Dallas' Bishop College, Yankton (S. Dak.) College, William Penn and Northeast Louisiana, also reflected the effectiveness of the NCAA's 1.6 rule. This season's pro rookies were high school juniors when that rule was enacted, and it was no coincidence that nine Stars came from small colleges not bound by NCAA requirements.

Standing amid the swirl of change at the Orrington, wearing a black plastic facemask of a World War II *Wehrmacht* helmet with the close-cropped curls of his beard partly obscured under the low-slung earflaps, was the magnificent wide receiver and kick returner, J. D. Hill, epitomizing the team's flamboyant mood. Hill is a hat freak whose collection for the All-Star camp included not only his helmet but an array of Stetsons, floppy velvet Big Apples, a striped train engineer's cap and a gray knitted hat in the style of Sly of Sly and the Family Stone. The last was saved for game night to top off a gray and green knit jump suit and cape outfit Hill wore simply for the psychological uplift of fine threads.

"My philosophy is, when I go to a game if I got something really outtastraight on, it makes me feel goooood," he said, relaxing beside his bright blue, customized and wired-for-sound Continental Mark III, easily the plushiest set of wheels among a colorful collection of Mark IIIs, Eldorados and T-Birds parked in front of the Orrington. "It makes for playing goooood. If you've got on sloppy clothes that don't fit real goooood, you play sloppy. But if you get some fine, snug-fitting things that look goooood, man, then you feel goooood and play goooood."

Jim Wiggins, Hill's tailor in Scottsdale, Ariz., must have cut his clothes perfectly, because that was just about the way Hill had played in his most recent games. He was the Most Valuable Player in the Senior Bowl and runner-up for the same award in the Coaches All-

America Game. In a warmup scrimmage against the Bears, Hill caught four of the seven passes completed by the All-Stars.

Against the Colts, however, Hill's performance was as uneven as his team's. He bolted offside on a crucial third-down situation in the second half when the Stars might have tied Baltimore. Like three of his teammates, he caught two passes, one of them a leaping grab after cutting across the middle where he prefers to run his patterns, but his best play of the game came on a pass he did not catch. "One of the things that makes it great to throw to J. D. is the way he comes back to you so hard on curls," Plunkett said. "He gives the quarterback a great target." On the key play of the Stars' lone touchdown drive Hill sprinted to the goal-line flag and curled in front of Jim Duncan, who had no choice but to interfere to prevent the touchdown. The play gave the Stars a first down on the Baltimore one, and Brockington swept right for the score on the next play.

Hill's hard curls and high style are part of his attempt to catch up in a life that began as a poor kid in Stockton, Calif. and was set back further when he sat out a year at Arizona State for stealing shoes from a salesman's car. Even his names, first and last, are a source of confusion. "My initials don't mean anything," he explained. "When I was born, it was just something going around among black people. There were L. D.s and G. K.s and I'm just J. D. It's on my birth certificate. And my real name is J. D. Clark. I was the seventh of 18 kids and my mother had TB and my father never had much of a job. I lived most of the time with my grandparents, and after a while I took their name, Hill."

"There were so many people who said I'd never make anything out of myself. They'd never have thought I'd be a captain of the College All-Stars. I never see the other kids in my family; I don't even know if any of them play football. That's one thing I'd like to do is get them all together so I can show 'em what I've done, so I can be proud and they can be proud of me. Some people in my family probably read about J. D. Hill and don't know he's me."

Some of the pros now know, and more will be finding out soon who he and a bunch of other strange names are. They are really goooood.

END

Variable Quarterback Don Pastorini kicks an extra point for the Stars. He also did punting.

MILLION-DOLLAR SUNDAY DRIVER

Like motorists everywhere, Richard Petty climbed into his blue Plymouth and went for a ride. This one was called the Dixie 500. He won it, a \$30,560 purse, and became the richest stock-car racer in history by **ROY BLOUNT**

Richard Petty is just a curly-haired, hard-charging small-town boy—and the woods are full of them in North Carolina. They are a breed: lean and flat-stomached, wearing wraparound sunglasses and driving cars hard. But not as hard as Richard Petty. He is a bit leaner, a bit tougher, and he is the unquestioned, alltime king of stock-car racing. When Petty led most of the way and won \$20,560 in Atlanta's Dixie 500 last Sunday, he also became the first of the breed ever to hit \$1 million in purses. Or, as they say in racing, come anywhere close to it.

The victory, highlighted by a fender-bashing duel between Petty and rival Bobby Allison in the last 28 laps, was the new millionaire's 13th Super Speedway win, another record all by itself. It also boosted Petty's 1971 earnings to \$189,295—but the real feat was stock-car racing's first entry into seven figures.

"Twelve years ago," Petty observed collectedly when it was all over, "a million dollars was what you read about other people making. Well, we went right on past a million today." He grinned from the window of his 1971 blue Plymouth and added: "And we got a pretty good start on the second one."

Petty had qualified his car in the third starting spot, a position that earned him a scant \$50 bonus. Let's see now: add up all the career winnings and what have we got? Well, he figured he was still \$2,357 short of \$1 million. Then the race got under way and every turn around the Atlanta International Speedway was like a finely tuned adding machine.

Mid-race, Petty was practically there on lap money alone. And at the end he added in the \$18,650 for first place, lap money totaled \$1,860—and there it was: he had earned \$1,018,203.

So much for money. He pulled off his helmet and relaxed handsomely. Petty comes on with a steady, open look, with firmly focused eyes and straight white teeth like the headlights and grille of a car you can trust. Folks are always asking him which of his many records he takes the most pride in. Petty always draws: "I guess in still bein' alive."

That figure, Petty's surviving to the prime age of 34 has been an important—and less than predictable—factor in his winning 74 more races and \$330,788 more than any other man in the dashing history of his sport. One always thinks of Petty in terms of skill rather than old country death-defiance. The closest he has come to death, driving, was in May of 1970 when his Plymouth glanced off the concrete wall on the fourth turn at Darlington, flipped several times and crunched down on its roof. That experience left Petty with a cut on the forehead and a dislocated shoulder, but with no intimations of mortality. When he mentions his longevity record, he smiles about it the way a good dentist always does when he says he hasn't lost any patients yet.

Petty does say "everhow many" instead of "however many" and "they's" instead of "there's," and he hardly ever travels outside of North Carolina except to a race—but he doesn't chew tobacco and he never ran moonshine or fled a sheriff. He makes a good, sincere, professional impression at cocktail receptions for businessmen and press, himself sipping cola. "He'll smoke a Murriel cigar and he will wear sunglasses," says a reporter who has observed Petty closely for signs of departure from a good United Methodist upbringing, "but I've never seen him take a drink." Petty is a sober corporation executive.

"Winning that \$1 million cost at least \$3 million," says Richard, who with his father Lee and his brother Maurice is one of 30 employed by Petty Enterprises, Inc., "and that's just counting money I have touched."

That includes Petty money, then, and subsidy funds from Plymouth (and for one year, Ford), Goodyear, a clutch of other companies identified with auto racing and recently PepsiCo, which must have heard about Richard's drinking habits. The \$3 million does not include free parts, tires, chassis and gear that sponsoring companies also have provided. Roaring around high-banked tracks at speeds up to nearly 200 mph in cars sensuously resembling the stock models available at your neighborhood dealer is a right sizable business.

The bulk of the family company's proceeds (it also builds bodies and motors for other drivers and sponsors a 1971 Dodge for Buddy Baker, who is some fancy driver himself) is plowed back into equipment and the expanding plant. Richard, like everybody else in the company, works for a salary, with a profit-sharing dividend at the end of the year. The most expensive thing he owns is his \$25,000 house right there in Level Cross, where he lives with his wife and former high-school sweetheart Lynda and their three children. He never takes a vacation trip.

But do not think Petty is anything short of a superstar. Stock-car racing may not have caught on as big nationally as country music, but through the South it enjoys a more devoted grassroots following than any other sport except football. On hand for Petty's milestone ride last Sunday was Georgia Governor Jimmy Carter, whose first act upon returning from World War II, it is said,



Revolving gently before his record race at the Atlanta speedway, Richard Petty presents the picture of a relaxed—and rich—racing man.

was to load his family into the car and take them all down to watch the Daytona 500. Marty Robbins, the Grand Ole Opry singing favorite, was not only present but driving. He finished 13th in Bobby Allison's Dodge and said that racing a stock car "tickles my spine from my neck to my belt."

"Open-cockpit racing cars never caught on in the South," says Petty. "Not even midget racers. I guess it's just that people in the South were so poor, and those fancy race cars were so exotic that they didn't know what to make of 'em. People identify with stock cars. Like that Chevrolet of Junior Johnson's that Charlie Glotzbach raced in—lots of people would come out to see that because a lot of people drive Chevrolets in this part of the country."

Even in those rare periods when Petty can't drive—such as the six weeks following his crash at Darlington—he will show up at races and sign hundreds of autographs, devoting to each a good 15 seconds worth of looping, swirling penmanship. "If a lot of people don't know about Richard Petty, then Richard Petty is nothing," he says, "so I've had to become more of a man of the people."

Most top drivers pass up small events

and concentrate on the big purses, but not Petty Enterprises. "If I let a race go by without racing in it," says Richard, "I feel like somebody's taking something away from me." He entered the Atlanta race on a streak of four straight wins—three in five days (July 14-18) in New York and New Jersey and the fourth in Nashville on July 24. The tracks ranged from one-fifth of a mile to 1½ miles, the purses from \$1,500 to \$6,760—barely enough to cover the expense of hauling car and crew so far up North and back. Not to mention the metropolitan bother of "getting tangled up in all those cloverleaves up there and paying 25¢ every time you cross a bridge," as Richard recently complained to a banquet audience.

But a Petty Enterprises driver likes to compete—which is one reason, he says, why he has never left NASCAR for USAC competition, as have Cale Yarborough and Lee Roy Yarborough.

"We do some racing," says Petty. "Those Indy cars are so delicate that they can't touch each other. At the end of one of our races the cars are so banged up we strip all the sheet metal off and throw it away. It doesn't hurt the cars any—but we rare each other."

By any objective standard Richard

Petty is the king of all this action. In 13 years he has won 134 races and all that money. A man does not reach such status by embodying the spirit of Pickett's charge but rather by presenting a highly professional organization which takes such measures as walking every track before Richard drives on it, checking for hazardous patches.

Petty Enterprises doesn't necessarily herald a swing to smug, colorless technocracy in a great old popular sport, however. When Richard came upon a big newspaper picture of his friend Lee Roy Yarborough's 1967 wreck at Indianapolis, it gave him an idea for a joke. "Nothing was showing in that picture but flames and two wheels," he says. "I took it and flopped it down in front of my wife and said, 'I've got a rade at Indy.'" He didn't really have one. But the notion gave Mrs. Petty a good old-fashioned turn, which tickled Richard no end.

A middle-aged lady fan came up to Richard just after the Dixie 500 and said, "Oh, I just wanted to know, how does it feel to be up there?"

Richard didn't say anything. He just hunkered gradually down from his 6' 2" height until he was looking directly at her, nose to nose.

END

REVIVAL OF AN OLD ROCK FESTIVAL

For the first time in the Age of Aquarius, Britain and the U.S. met in polo. Champagne ran, and 'Hair' bristled **by HUGH McILVANNEY**



The hefty 52-year-old U.S. captain, Harold Barry (right), cruises in against a younger foe.

There are not too many sports occasions that can make kindred spirits of the Emperor Tamerlane, the man who produced *Hair*, Lord Cowdray's nagsman and Harold Barry from Truscott, Texas. But on a recent Sunday in England an event with just such qualifications had more than 4,000 people nosing their cars through the green, perfumed twilight of the lanes that meander about the leafiest corner of Sussex. Others, impatient to get at the action, came whirling down in helicopters from a sky that was clearing to warm brightness after a morning of ferocious rain. The parking fee for helicopters and cars was the same.

The crowd gathered beside a wide, flat field set amid some of the most soothingly verdant countryside in England. As far as the eye could see, the only conspicuous building was the ruin of Cowdray castle, burned in 1793; its lawns are now a playground for cricketers, and on this afternoon the local stalwarts, uniformed in virginal white, were enacting their languid ritual.

But the spectators had been drawn by an older, more violent sport than cricket, by a game with a longer recorded history than any other. They had come to watch polo, which, if some match reports handed down by the ancient Persians are to be believed, was being played fiercely as early as 350 B.C. Of course, the game was never so rugged as another ancient scareaway, Tamerlane, was inclined to make it. He encouraged his soldiers to play polo with the heads of their slain enemies.

The players at Cowdray Park the other day were expected to contain their zeal some way short of the Mongolian example, but no one looked for an excess of gentleness. England was taking on the U.S., for the first time since 1939, for the Coronation Cup, and the home team was anxious to prove that the longstanding discrepancy between the two countries had been healthily narrowed. Lord Cowdray—whose enthusiasm as a player was so far from being diminished by the loss of an arm at Dunkirk in 1940 that he, more than anyone, brought about the revival of the game in England after the Second World War—beamed on the most impressive assembly of aficionados and potential converts his grounds had ever accommodated. The

Duke of Edinburgh, who had been a serious candidate for inclusion in England's four-man team, was to referee, adjudicating from the sidelines on disagreements between the two mounted umpires. Watching for any loopholes in his interpretation would be his son Prince Charles, and an even more searching critic, his uncle, Lord Mountbatten of Burma, whose writings under the slightly arch pseudonym of "Marco" have the status of a textbook on the game.

Less formal pronouncements were available at Cowdray Park from Harold Freeborn, who rejoices in the title of Lord Cowdray's nagman. He is a slightly stooped man, with the complexion of one who has risen early in the country most mornings of his life, and he dispenses horse sense with a broadly accented irreverence. "A polo pony wants to have a wonderful mouth, a calm brain and speed," he affirmed, after joking loudly about the sex life of his girl assistants. "And it needs to have a smooth, flat action. A pony that starts climbing up in the air all over the place is no good to you." His stables supplied six mounts for the English team.

The U.S. riders appeared on paper to be appreciably the stronger, however. Good players in polo are graded according to a handicap system that sets a number of goals against each man's name. The U.S. had two eight-goal players and two six-goal players. England had two seven-goal players, a five-man and a three-man. In a handicap tournament the Americans would have been obliged to give the English six goals, but the Coronation Cup is played on level terms, and Harold (Chico) Barry, the U.S. captain, was entitled to be confident. He would probably have been confident anyway. He is a big bulging man with a lot of hard fat on him and a tough, not unfriendly face in which the eyes rarely open wide enough to let in a hurtful amount of sunlight. Barry makes people wince for the ponies that have to carry him, but Hap Sharp, who is in partnership with him to train polo ponies, says the big man's reticence about his official weight is impenetrable. "We've had him drunk often and we've never been able to get him on the scales."

It was soon obvious to the British supporters that neither Chico Barry's pounds nor his 52 years prevent him

from playing up to his eight-goal rating. He and Bill Linfoot, a trim California veterinary surgeon who is five years his junior—and one of the top 10 players in the world—both made a vital contribution to the U.S. victory. Barry rode his ponies fast, wheeling them in and out of tight situations with an instant flexibility, and Linfoot drew lavish praise from the most laconic of the English watchers. His game is fluid, swift and imaginative, full of dramatic surges, skillful stickwork and a tactical intricacy worthy of the soccer field.

The ground was slow after the heavy rain and—though the English tradition of having the crowd "tread in" the divots between chukkers kept it from cutting up too badly—the surface and the ball's uncertain behavior deprived some American stick play of its customary refinement. Nevertheless, when Harold Barry's son Joe produced a late surge of excellence any faint hopes the English still harbored were rapidly killed.

Yet they had no reason to be depressed about their performance. Their seven-goal players, Paul Withers at back and the captain, Julian Hipwood, played forcefully and well, and Julian's brother Howard ensured that the family was not embarrassed by comparison with the Barrys. Perhaps the most pleasing achievement was that of young Mark Vestey, who was a bold and persistent attacker in his first international. Vestey, scion of a family that controls a worldwide business empire conservatively estimated to be worth \$500 million, gave England an early lead after a stirring break along the right by Howard Hipwood. But the Americans readily increased the momentum of their game and, helped by a series of easy penalty shots, won comfortably, 9-6.

"We were not outplayed," Paul Withers said without sourness. "We were outexperienced, but we are a young team and I think the Americans must be pretty static at their present standard. We can win this cup back—and before too long."

Satisfaction with the revival of the Coronation Cup found more expression than discussion of the style and outcome of the match itself, however. In the marquee, the explosions of champagne corks punctuated perhaps the only diverting chatter about the event. That came from



"Hap" Mogul Butler chats with Captain Barry.

Michael Butler, a man who had made more than a few charges on the goalposts at his father's polo compound in Oak Brook, Ill., before he made his more historic assault on Broadway with *Haw*. "The polo I loved," Butler said, but then his mouth drooped in alignment with his Mandarin mustache. "The promotion was garbage. We had a hit show in the wrong theater. Where are we—nearly three hours of driving from London? Properly handled, the match could have pulled in 10,000 people."

The son of Paul Butler, a four-goal player in his prime whose Oak Brook operation has long been the heart of the game in the U.S., Michael Butler is now looking for a good location in California to revive the sport in the States. "Polo is too good a game to be kept in a tight little circle of people," he went on. "It has danger, excitement, speed, contact and a lot of sex in it, too. Look at all these lovely birds here. The game's been drawing audiences for 2,000 years. I know I can promote it. I may be a zero-goal player, but I'm not a zero-goal producer."

END

BAD CASE OF THE SHORT SHORTS



Millionaire Robert Short paid too much for the Washington franchise, and now he wants out. Will he find an angel? Will the Senate let the Senators move? Will Short pay the rent? Where's Curt Flood?

by **RON FIMRITE**

The question is simply this: Can this nation long endure without a baseball team in her capital? Did the answer come, mayhap, from the otherwise knowledgeable Washington, D.C. cab driver who, when instructed to take the passenger to Robert F. Kennedy Stadium, inquired, "Where?" Or from the veteran government agency man who, when asked to give his opinion on the fate of the Senators, replied, "Which one? Mustoe? McGovern? Birch Bayh?"

Then, inevitably, there is Robert E. Short, the impoverished millionaire whose tenuous ownership of the Washington Senators is up for grabs. He says in response to almost any question concerning his property, "No way." And Calvin Griffith, who abandoned his surrogate father's city and found mammon in Middle America, asserting unemotionally that only a baseball freak, financed by Fort Knox, could survive the socio-economic rigors of sporting life on the Potomac. Short, who has accumulated \$5.5 million in debts since he opened for business there in 1969, would agree. And as he, Griffith and any number of unhappy investors, past and present, will loudly proclaim, there are many, many reasons why the National Pastime is no fun in the Nation's Capital. To name a few:

Washington has virtually no industry save government, so it has no blue-collar, hard-hat mass to support a baseball team day in and day out, year in and year out. The city's working population is composed largely of transients, whose loyalties, sporting and otherwise, are elsewhere. It is a cocktail town, not a beer town, whose assorted VIPs prefer to get discreetly bashed in their suburban homes rather than risk the exposure of a night on the town. The Nation's Capital usually leads the majors in per-capita muggings.

Washington is less than an hour's drive

from Baltimore, a beer town it once freely tapped for attendance. Now Baltimore wins everything, making Washington suffer more by comparison. Comparison is easy, too, since it is no trick for most Washingtonians to pick up the champion Orioles on Baltimore TV.

The capital inner-city population is 71% black, many of whom are without pocket money to spend on anything quite so frivolous as baseball, particularly in a stadium that charges the highest admission prices in the league.

So how come a Gomorrah like this has been favored with major league baseball for 71 years? Credit, if that's the word, belongs to Clark Griffith, the uncle who reared the defector Calvin, and TRADITION. The elder Griffith survived as owner of the Senators for 36 years on guile and penuriousness. He developed players for their market value, selling them for a profit at a time when such transactions invariably involved "cash and a utility infielder." Griffith even sold the man who married his niece—Joe Cronin, now, coincidentally, president of the American League and one of the traditionalists determined to keep a team in Washington. But Clark died in 1955 and his heir, Calvin, who lived with the old man after the death of his own father, could scarcely wait to flee the hallowed ground. The American League wouldn't let him, though, not until it expanded to 10 teams in 1961. Then Griffith was permitted to take his Senators to Minnesota and call them Twins, providing Washington with a patchwork gaggle of expansion Senators in return.

So TRADITION prevailed. The Twins won a pennant, and Washington remained first in war, first in peace and last in the American League. Baseball is quite frankly afraid to move a team out of the capital. For one thing, it would look bad—should London not

have a soccer team? Should Peking be without Ping-Pong? Secondly, there is always the ominous possibility that a Congress miffed by the loss of a home team would be encouraged to launch another one of those dreaded and periodic investigations of the reserve clause.

This is what confronts potential buyers of Short's franchise today. Short does not particularly care to whom he sells the ball club, be he Texas oilman or New Orleans riverboat gambler. He only wants out from under the load. But he is also under considerable pressure from the baseball hierarchy to peddle his wares to Washington interests, wherever they may be.

Short is under even more pressure from his creditors. If he doesn't sell the team before Oct. 31, the American Security and Trust Co., to which he owes more than \$2 million on the loan he took to buy the team, may just foreclose on him and—together with the estate of the late James Johnston, to which Short owes another \$2.2 million, and former majority owner James H. Lemon, to whom he owes still another \$1.1 million—take over the Senators and put them up for bid. As Short ruefully observes, "There are a lot of people waiting in the weeds to get in on that kind of bargain."

Short himself is offering no bargain buy. He is asking not only the \$9.4 million—most of it borrowed—that he paid for the team but compensation for the \$3 million he estimates he has lost operating it. The \$12 million price tag already has repelled many shoppers, including that expert sick-franchise doctor, Bill Veck, who lives just across the way on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. There are those, in fact, who think Short paid too much for the Senators in the first place. Short is among them.

"I knew it was a bad deal," he almost cheerfully admits, "but I thought I could negotiate for a new lease and do better on radio and TV revenue."

He did do better with the media, signing contracts that will bring him a record (for Washington) \$440,000 in radio and television money in a market notoriously short of sponsors. But his lease on the stadium expires at the end of

continued



this season and Short is already more than \$160,000 behind in his rent. The current lease calls for him to pay his landlord, the District of Columbia Armory Board, a minimum of \$65,000 for the year or 7% of his gross, whichever is greater. He receives 20% of the concession revenue but gets nothing from parking. He must also pay for the upkeep of the building and grounds, for the lighting and for police protection, which in Washington is both considerable and vital. Short estimates it costs him about \$10,000 a game to play baseball in Kennedy Stadium, a figure tabulated from money he pays out and money he does not receive from concessions. He has asked the Armory Board to forgive him his overdue bills, to charge him no rent until after one million attendance is attained—a figure reached only once in the team's history—and to give him more of the concession money and all of the parking revenue.

"He wants everything," says Armory Board Manager Arthur (Dutch) Bergman.

The Armory Board itself is not standing in clover. As the agency in charge, it is required to pay some \$800,000 an-

nually in interest on the \$20 million owed for construction of the stadium. Payments have averaged only \$300,000 a year, and the District has had to go hat in hand to Congress for the remaining \$500,000. In 10 years not a penny of the principal has been paid on the stadium bonds.

Short can empathize with a fellow debtor but he smugly points out that if a baseball team were not playing at Kennedy the Board would be in even direr straits. He also has vigorously supported legislation that would transfer the stadium to the custody of the Department of the Interior, which owns the land. If the government took over the building, Short argues, then its cost would be paid by taxpayers all over the republic, not just in the District of Columbia. Unfortunately for Short and fortunately for taxpayers in, say, Hawaii, the Department of the Interior withdrew support from the bill and, in effect, killed it.

Almost everybody on Capitol Hill is involved somehow in Short's problems—the District, Congress, Interior, the National Park Service and the Bureau of the Budget. Bergman has been meeting with the various government officials in an ef-

fort to find some workable agreement on stadium rental. Even the President would help if he could, says Short, who once served as Hubert Humphrey's campaign manager and was national treasurer of the Democratic Party. "Mr. Nixon is a great baseball fan." He even showed up not long ago on a night when only 3,887 private citizens were in attendance.

But the rent question is now fairly academic to someone like Short, who is looking for the quickest way out of town. As the bank's Oct. 31 deadline approaches, Short can almost hear that \$3 million bathwater running. Moving to another city would not solve his problems, but if someone from the hinterlands wants to buy his team and take it with him, Short will sell. Dallas is most often mentioned as a new home for the Senators. The money men from that city almost snared Griffith's old Senators, for that matter, but Griffith was offered too good a deal to pass up Minneapolis-St. Paul. He pays only 7% of his net receipts, receives 90% of concession money and is not charged for stadium maintenance or police protection.

There is a close kinship between Griffith's Twins and Short's Senators. Short lives in Minnesota and operates his other, more profitable, businesses from an office in the hotel he owns in Minneapolis. He went to law school at Georgetown University in Washington and worked there as an Assistant U.S. Attorney before returning to his native Minnesota. When Griffith made his move, he took with him virtually all of the old Senators' tradition. There is a "Clark Griffith Alcove" in the Twins' ball park where yellowing photographs of such Washington immortals as Walter Johnson, Buckey Harris, Joe Judge and Goose Goslin hang on the walls. There is also a picture there of a 13-year-old Calvin Griffith as bat boy of the 1925 American League champions.

But in the presence of all this memorabilia, Griffith remains unmoved by nostalgia. "I wanted to leave Washington long before my late uncle [he always calls his old guardian that] died. The league wouldn't let me until they got another team there, but I don't think they could have kept me much longer. My late uncle told me that if I wanted to stay in baseball, I'd better get out of Washington. Heck, what we would take

continued

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an total gross in Washington, we make here in concessions alone."

In the five years Griffith operated the Senators between the time of his "late uncle's" death and the escape to Minnesota, the team averaged only \$25,000 in attendance. In 10 years in Minnesota, the Twins have averaged 1.3 million a year. Griffith has said he would vote in favor of moving the Senators out of Washington. "I would vote for anyone who has given his best effort to make a go of it in Washington," he says, "and Bob Short has been very sincere."

Sincere may not be the word Washingtonians would use, but even his severest critics credit Short with giving his best effort toward building a gate attraction. He lured Ted Williams off the Florida Keys to manage the team, and in his first season, 1969, the Senators drew 918,106, the second-highest attendance in the team's history.

Short stages as many promotional extravaganzas as any other owner in baseball, including that formidable showman, Charles O. Finley. He has, in fact, borrowed freely from Finley. The Senators even started wearing white shoes for home games last month. Short's most profitable trade, if not the most artistically successful, was also with Finley's A's. Short gave Finley Pitcher Darold Knowles and First Baseman Mike Epstein in return for First Baseman Don Mincher, Pitcher Paul Lindblad, Catcher-Outfielder Frank Fernandez and an estimated \$300,000 in cash. Shades of Clark Griffith!

Short's more notorious player transactions are now history, of course. In his quest for faces, he acquired the sad-eyed visages of Denny McLain and Curt Flood. A shoulder injury which has had him on the disabled list for three weeks will probably keep McLain, baseball's last 30-game winner, from losing 30 this season. Flood, baseball's most determined litigant, didn't stay with the Senators through April. Plagued by doubt and fear, he disappeared one night and turned up the next in Spain. Now he is in Majorca.

"Curt had so many problems," says Short sympathetically, "not even he could keep up with them."

Many of these were financial, which should have made him just one of the boys on the Washington team. Both Mc-

Lain and Catcher Paul Casanova have gone through bankruptcy and Short himself is in a slump at the bank. At least Flood's departure saved him about half the outfielder's \$110,000 salary. That leaves him with only McLain and the Broodingagian Frank Howard in the \$100,000 range. Short has also doled out more than \$250,000 in bonuses to young talent, at least \$150,000 of that to the Dartmouth-educated pitcher, Pete Broberg, one of the highest-paid Ivy Leaguers since Bill Bradley. But he has economized by peddling off players in the so-called middle-income range.

Under any circumstances, it is diffi-



cult for the ordinary wage-earner to share Short's grief over his financial misadventures. In addition to the baseball team, he owns two truck lines, an airline distribution business (also up for sale), much valuable downtown Minneapolis real estate and six hotels, including one in St. Paul staffed almost entirely by women. "A bellgirl comes for your bag," says Short. "You end up carrying it for her, then tipping her. It's perfect."

These other enterprises are independent of his baseball operation, Short hastily explains. He will not, he says,

rob his hotel Peter to pay his baseball Paul. Besides, business isn't that good anyway. "There is no way this all goes into the same pot," he says. "Bankers don't like good money going after bad."

Not all of Short's sporting investments have been as unrewarding as the Senators. He was one of 117 civic-minded Twin Cities citizens who bought the floundering Minneapolis Lakers basketball team in 1957. He eventually became the majority owner by forfeit, moved the team to Los Angeles in 1960, and five years later sold it to Jack Kent Cooke for \$3.2 million. Short, whose investment in the Lakers was under \$100,000, realized a profit of some \$3 million—about what he stands to lose on the Senators, if his bad luck holds out.

A committee consisting of Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn, American League President Cronin and Short himself is now groping for a solution to the Washington problem. Short is hopeful the three of them can find either a buyer or a rich partner for him—somebody who can carry his bags and tip him for the privilege. In the meantime, he has been asked to tone down his comments on moving the team. Indeed, such loose talk did little for Short's public relations in Washington.

"He comes in here with a credit card," said one newsman. "He can't make the payments so he threatens to take the team out of town and bad-raps the fans."

Few fans are less deserving of a bad rap, for Washingtonians have endured athletic mediocrity longer and with greater patience than their more fortunate counterparts in other communities. The Senators have won only three pennants in their history, the last one in 1933. The football Redskins, who sell out Kennedy Stadium for their home games, have not won a championship since 1942 and have had only four winning seasons in the past 25 years. At least there is no adequate arena in town, a fact which spares the District fans from suffering losing basketball and hockey teams too. Even Short pays his fans grudging tribute.

"You get 800,000 people to pay our prices to see our team in that stadium and you've gotta believe they're dedicated," he says.

Some might even say demented. But do they deserve to be demented?

Baseball wouldn't be sure.

END

This is a story about a star and the galaxy in which he shines. It is about the very best all-round athlete in Yates Center, Kansas, the Hay Capital of the World.

You may ask—why? Well, one day a letter arrived at this magazine, unsolicited and buried deep in the envelope thickets of a mailbag, from a Yates Center barber. It was scrawled in ballpoint on lined paper torn from a spiral notebook, and it spoke glowingly of Michael Leon Peterson (see cover), 18, Yates Center's "once in a lifetime athlete." The barber wrote of how Mike Peterson, the football star, had been voted the most valuable player in the Tri-Valley League on both offense and defense, how he had scored 103 points and intercepted nine passes, how—as runner, passer, punter, placekicker and punt returner—he had led the Yates Center Wildcats to their first Tri-Valley League championship in history.

The barber wrote of Mike Peterson the basketball star; how he had averaged 21.2 points per game, how he had led Yates Center to its very first Tri-Valley League basketball championship, how Mike had subsequently made "everybody's" Class 2A All-State team in Kansas and was voted the most valuable Class 2A player in all of Kansas.

The barber told how Mike Peterson, the baseball star, last season led the Yates Center American Legion team to its third straight Class B state championship, how he was the No. 1 pitcher with a 9-2 record and a 1.21 ERA, how he batted .398 and how he was chosen to the All-Kansas team. The barber also threw in the fact that Mike Peterson ran a respectable, if not mind-blowing, 440 in track (51.8) and had been a member of Yates Center High School's record-breaking one-mile relay team. The barber failed to mention that Mike Peterson also played the saxophone and was president of the YCHS band.

Yates Center is out on the far prairies of southeast Kansas. It is about 100 miles from Wichita and at the end of an unremarkable two-hour drive from Kansas City, Mo. The roads to Yates Center pass many gnarled groves of

blackjack oak and broad fields of soybeans, milo and, of course, hay—as well as a few billboards advertising a miracle fertilizer or plant food with the hard-sell words PUT MORE JACK IN YOUR ARSENTALK. As for Yates Center itself, a brochure map of the village was printed some years ago to guide and encourage an onslaught of commerce and industry which never materialized, except for one jacket factory that employs about 90 women. The map indicates that Yates Center is "Midway U.S.A." in that it sits 800 miles from both the Canadian and Mexican borders, and 1,400 miles from both the Pacific and Atlantic shores. The brochure also notes that 17 of the country's 55 largest cities are within one-day trucking distance of Yates Center, and it describes the village as "Crossroads U.S.A." because it is spotted squarely at the intersection of U.S. 54, which streams northeast to Chicago and southwest to El Paso, and U.S. 75, which flows north to Winnipeg and south to Houston.

Inside Yates Center proper, U.S. 75 is called Fry Street and U.S. 54 is called Mary Street. If someday you happen to be motoring along Mary Street on your way from El Paso to Chicago, you may wish to take notice of a small grayish asbestos-shingled house set next to the Standard Oil station. That is the home of the best athlete in Yates Center. And if you happen to glimpse a young blond fellow adrift on the wooden swing dangling from the front porch ceiling, you may want to wave or honk your horn or stop and get his autograph, because that will be Mike Peterson.

Perhaps you will not be awed by him. He is pleasant enough and good-looking, but you will probably not feel overpowered by the physical presence of a living legend. Mike stands but a brave 5' 10" tall and weighs no more than a courageous 155 pounds. He is a lean and well-washed boy, with all that is open and innocent about the plains of Kansas showing in his face, in his summer-swept eyes and even in the comb-furrowed bangs that are bleached the color of corn from many blazing August days of helping in the hellish, stinky harvest

of the celebrated local hay crop. He speaks in a high-pitched voice with the drawling twang of a plainsman. His grammar perhaps owes more to Wyatt Earp than to William Allen White. "It don't matter what game it is, I try to do as good as I can," says Mike Peterson.

They know that around Yates Center, all right. Mike is a paragon there. Some people—Gaylen Rodgers, the high school basketball coach, for one—offer him the ringing classic accolades such as, "If I had a son, I'd want him to be exactly like Mike Peterson." Some people, like Arylene Haynes, pretty wife of a state trooper and current president of the exuberant Yates Center Quarterback Club, are merely very, very complimentary: "Mike is a great player and an even greater person." Clarence Newton, assistant football coach and phys ed teacher at YCHS, awards him a kind of superstatus: "A boy with the talents and attitudes of a Mike Peterson might come along once in a man's coaching career—but more likely never at all." Dick Clasen, editor of the weekly *Yates Center News*, sees young Mike from an even broader perspective: "There is no doubt in my mind that Mike Peterson will be a legend around Yates Center and even Woodson County for years to come. The only thing that could ever stop it is his lack of The Big Head. The boy just will not brag about himself."

That is true. Mike is modest, very modest. In Yates Center that trait seems almost requisite to his prowess at sports: to hear people talk, the lack of The Big Head is perhaps third only behind godliness and cleanliness in the book of virtues. For example, Mike's widowed mother, Doris Peterson, a cheery matronly lady who works for the newspaper, said, "The veterinarian here in town said to me just the other day that to him the nicest thing about Mike is that his honors have not gone to his head. This is the best thing a mother could hear, of course." Jack Gibbs, a friendly sunburned fellow who is an engineer for the Kansas highway department in town, said that he had lived in perhaps half a dozen different towns

THE GREATEST ATHLETE IN YATES CENTER, KANSAS

As legends go, Mike Peterson may be pretty small time. But to be deified at 18 and still not get the Big Head is no small thing
by **WILLIAM JOHNSON**

in his life and that he had yet to see an athlete as modest as Mike Peterson. "Why, I've sat in the barbershop here time and time again," said Gibbs, "talking about things Mike did in games, with Mike sitting right there, too. But he don't brag, he don't even help carry the conversation when you're talking about him. You can make him smile, but not talk about himself. The Big Head never hit Mike."

The Big Head is not unknown in Yates Center. Wayne Jaynes, an insurance man and P.A. announcer for 20 years at YCHS football games, recalls a classic pre-Peterson case. "This one boy—oh, he was a star, all right—he and his father used to call me up after games and bowl me out for not announcing the

continued

MOST FAMOUS porch swing in Crossroads U.S.A. is on Mary Street near gas station.



kid's plays with more excitement in my voice. They'd chew me out, too, for not giving the boy more adjectives in my write-ups in the paper. Oh, they were a surly lot. But Mike? He's the nicest, most modest boy in town."

Possibly he is. A stranger came to Yates Center recently in a rented car and drove through the green and leafy streets with Mike at his side. Almost everyone walking the sidewalks or driving by peered intently at the rented car, then waved enthusiastically at Mike. The visitor remarked to Mike that he must be a dazzling celebrity indeed if people sought him out even when he was concealed in a strange car. Mike flushed. "Now, when a car they don't recognize comes into town, people look real close to see who's sittin' in it. When they see me ridin' with you, they just waved. They'd do it for anyone in town."

Perhaps they would. Yates Center is a snug little island in the Kansas seas. There are 2,178 souls in residence, and their lives are pretty much directly focused on each other. The politico-socio-economic center of town is the square, a grassy, tree-shadowed patch of ground graced by a fine old prairie-Victorian grandma of a building, the Woodson County Courthouse. It is a doughty, nostalgic, red-brick pile of the kind too often torn down now and replaced by a cold and up-to-date thing made of tinted glass and glazed beige bricks. The Woodson County Courthouse lends a style and dignity to Yates Center and to the shops and offices and stores lined up across

the street around the square. The people on the streets do not hurry. Many of them are farmers in sun-clean bib overalls, lounging on benches at the edge of the square. And many of them do look up and scrutinize every car that cruises by.

Anonymity is unknown and privacy seems to exist more or less to be invaded. People say that locked doors are a rarity day or night, and most everyone has become accustomed to knowing an enormous amount of detail about everyone else. Yates Center knows who ate supper in the backyard last night, who had a new thermostat installed, who did or did not make his contribution to the Quarterback Club for buying films of the high school games, who takes cream in his coffee. Yates Center knew all about it a year or so ago when Mike Peterson temporarily quit going steady with cheerleader Rhonda Hanson because a friend told him that a steady girl might weaken his concentration on basketball. Yates Center knew all about it this spring when Mike rode his beloved Honda motorcycle off a steep drop at the quarry and escaped with a few scratches. Yates Center knew all about it a few weeks ago when Mike's mother ordered him to get his hair cut because it had begun to crowd the tips of his ears.

It is probable that Yates Center would have known all these things even if Mike Peterson weren't the best athlete in town. But fame and acclaim have followed at his heels like a devout (though rather

small) dog for most of the years of his life in Yates Center.

He began playing in the pee-wee baseball league at the age of seven, a year before he was really eligible. In his scrapbook there are yellowed clippings from days when Mike Peterson was a mere wisp of a child who still could lead the local midgets to a state baseball title by pitching the same game he won with a two-run homer. Mike has two older brothers, both fair athletes in their day, and two older sisters. His father, Paul Peterson, died three years ago, and the kids of the high school dedicated the yearbook to his memory. He had been many things in his life, the last few being a salesman of cemetery monuments, a school bus driver and the director of Yates Center's summer recreation program. "Paul Peterson was 10, 15 years ahead of his time," says Jack Gibbs. "He was a pitterer and he never cared much about money or having a big house in the suburbs. There are lots of pitterers now, they come out of college that way. They don't care to set the world on fire. Money don't matter. Paul Peterson was that way, a pitterer."

Especially since his father died, Mike Peterson has been the apple of Yates Center's eye, a boy to watch, a boy to emulate. And now his name has come to be a power among the children of the town. Many little boys can see no better future in all the years ahead than to become the world's next Mike Peterson. Some include his name in their prayers, and many young Yates Center mamas

YATES CENTER ASSESSES ITS FAVORITE SON



Insurance Man Wayne Jaynes: "Mike is the nicest, most modest boy in the town."



Club President Arlene Haynes: "Mike is a great player, an even greater person."



Museum Director Walter Bowers: "He's the greatest in 100 years in Yates Center."

habitually use his name to persuade stubborn children to take their naps or wear their galoshes or swallow their rutabagas, because Mike Peterson takes, wears or eats *las*. Few men in town—preachers or politicians or the Romanian dedicated—have had their pictures in the paper as often as Mike Peterson. There he is—No. 22 leaping for a rebound, No. 24 looking bemused yet rakish in football togs, eye lump-black and the football Homecoming King's crown. There he is, the boy with the big grin behind the big trophy or the stiff and grim-looking fellow posing in the formal picture with his team. Perhaps no one in town has been talked about as much as Mike Peterson—in the barbershops, the gas stations, at morning coffee sessions in Baker's Drug Store, at lunch at Woody's.

Doesn't being in a constant spotlight bother him a little? No, it does not. "The pressure of being well-known don't get to me," says Mike. "I'm used to it. I know people used to watch me when I was settin' in the bleachers during B team games. They'd watch my leg to see if it was jugglin'. See, I got in the habit of jugglin' my leg before a game, and people'd look at it and they'd say, 'Well, Mike's ready for a good game to-night because his leg's goin' real good.' That never bothered me. I just always try to be myself."

Mike's fame has spread, of course, beyond Yates Center. "Sometimes I go over to a town before a game, you know, and I'm on the street and kids I never seen before come up to me and say,

'Hey, why did you come here? We was hoping to win.'" In Garnett and Humboldt and Cherryvale, in Fredonia and Eureka and Neodesha, they know Mike well. His face is familiar and so is his jump shot and his quick curve and his famed "lump leg" (not to be confused with his famed juggling leg) which he used often to maneuver through broken fields for touchdowns. Mike even recalls, reluctantly and red-faced, the night someone from out of town asked him for his autograph. "It was over to Hutchinson during the state basketball tournament, and some kid—must've been a junior, even—come over and asked for an autograph. I tried to talk him out of it for a while, but then I give it to him. Then he said some guys had bet him 50¢ he didn't dare ask me for it. He said, 'But we all think you're a pretty good player, anyway.'"

Besides the clippings from the *Yates Center News*, Mike's scrapbook contains stories from the *Chamute Tribune*, the *Coffeyville Journal* and the *Iola Register*, as well as the *Wichita Eagle*, which relayed word throughout the state of Kansas that "with another player like Mike Peterson, Yates Center would be unstoppable." Among his most prized mementos is a collection of tape cassettes, the broadcasts of Yates Center's basketball tournament games as they were beamed out last winter over KKOY in Chamute. Again and again, now in the hot, slow dog days of summer, Mike can sit dangling on his porch swing, his tape recorder blasting at his ear, gazing

happily into the past as the authoritative voice of KKOY's Jerry Pryor shouts:

"... the ball goes to Mike Peterson! He dribbles twice! He's on the corner! He jumps! He shoots! It's good! It's good, and Yates Center regains the lead. ..."

So he is canonized in newspaper and on electronic tape. But being a Mike Peterson in a town like Yates Center goes farther than that. For Yates Center has a deep and abiding civic commitment to sports, even an obsession. "This town is so sports-oriented," says Arylene Haynes of the Quarterhack Club, "that you'd think that's all there is to do—and maybe it is." Last year the *Yates Center News* frequently printed stories about its teams on Page One with thick black headlines that were two or three times bigger than other front-page headlines such as GOVERNOR TO BE IN COUNTY OF SHERIFF'S CAR GOES OUT OF CONTROL ON HIGHWAY, "We print what we think is important," says Dick Clasen, "and even though we get some letters complaining about our emphasis on sports stories, we felt they were *damn* important."

Indeed, the whole town habitually mobilizes as if it were going to war when a sports project is under way, and there are countless stories about the Jaycees building baseball bleachers and the Jaycees, the Lions and the American Legion playing benefit games to buy a new P.A. system and whole platoons of town fathers pitching in to carve a sleek new baseball diamond out of a rocky pasture. Just this spring the football coach,

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICK CLARSON



Newspaper Editor Dick Clasen: "He'll be a legend around Yates Center for years."



Highway Engineer Jack Gibbs: "He don't brag. The Big Head has never let Mike."



Coach Clarence Newton: "A Mike Peterson might come along once in a man's career."

Marvin Dodd, let it be known that the team could use a new Gladiator weightlifting machine—price: \$2,575. No sooner said than the town turned out en masse to pick up metal beer cans that could be sold for reprocessing. In a short time there were 76,100 beer cans on the courthouse square, plus another 2,500 returnable beer and pop bottles and hundreds of aluminum TV dinner trays. "I know of no other community in Kansas," says Marvin Dodd, "that would show that kind of spirit in supporting its football team."

So it is no small thing to be a star like Mike Peterson in a town like Yates Center. Even now there are unofficial keepers of his legends all over town, each polishing some unforgettable tale of his prowess for retelling to the wondering children of some future generation. Some will tell of the 1970 football game against Neodesha when Mike, defensive halfback, stole a pass from an enemy's very fingertips and raced 85 yards for a touchdown. And then, in that same tense game, with only seconds remaining and Neodesha having just scored to slip into the lead 22-21, the enemy kicked off to Chuck Moss-

man, a fleet and sturdy Yates Center halfback who is ranked close to Mike for all-round heroics. Mossman tucked the ball to his chest, looked upfield and saw Mike calmly waving him to his side of the field. Mossman veered toward Mike and Mike set out ahead of him to throw one fierce block that felled the only man who could have put a finger on Chuck Mossman. Mike lay stunned on the ground, but Chuck streaked across for the touchdown that gave Yates Center a splendid 27-22 victory.

Some will tell of the night last winter in nearby Burlington when Mike tumbled into a blond tornado with a basketball and shattered Yates Center's all-time individual scoring record with 43 points, while the team, inspired, raced on to score 100, yet another record. Some will tell of last year's Legion baseball championship in Ransom when Mike batted 3 for 5 and pitched a seven-hit game to win the title.

Some will recall moments which simply reflect a small but brilliant facet of Mike's skill. Jack Steiner, the barber who wrote the letter about Mike, remembers, "He was a lefty, but the son-of-a-gun could play second base like a dream. And he was even a catcher! And we didn't have no left-handed mitt for him, so he'd switch wearing a right-handed mitt. He'd have to whip off the mitt to make a throw, but they never stole a base on him, not once."

Editor Dick Clasen recalls, "In a game against Sedan, Mike was the deep man on a punt, and the ball was short. It rolled and rolled. A bunch of their boys gathered around it, but the referee hadn't blown it dead. Suddenly Mike jumped in and—oh, his hands were so quick—he snatched up the ball, hurt right out of that crowd and went for a touchdown. A little later the same thing happened with a punt and their boys gathered around it again. This time Mike just made a fast little fake toward the ball. My gosh, there must have been six or seven kids from Sedan all floundering around on the ball."

And Jack Gibbs tells in hushed tones of a certain baseball game he remembers: "Mike was playing center field and a guy hit a terrific smash out toward center and Mike started running. We didn't have no fence then and Mike run and run and run. He jumped a little ditch, run across a road, jumped another ditch and, by God, he caught that ball for an

out. There was a light mist falling, too, as I remember. And, yes, I believe that game turned out to be a no-hitter for our pitcher after that, too."

If the village of Yates Center had sprung up in some earlier age of man, the legends of Mike Peterson would even now be depicted indelibly upon the walls of a cave or harked in pictures for all eternity upon the polished side of some great urn. But what now? Will the legend live only as it is passed on by word of mouth through Yates Center hairbrushes of the future?

Not entirely. There are still men who believe in recording history in a more enduring manner. The Woodson County Historical Society has a fine, sunny museum on Mary Street, not more than half a block east of Mike Peterson's own home. The museum is freshly painted white, and its antique displays sparkle as if they had just been put down by their original owners. The Osage Indian arrowheads and the great old bay saddles and the pie crimpers once manufactured in Yates Center, even the huge old turkey platter owned by town founder Abner Yates himself, all seem in mint condition. Lester Harding, the sun-winked farmer who is president of the historical society, says, "A museum don't need to look like someone's attic, you know."

The society has seen fit to preserve, in framed photographs and monographs, certain events in the past of Woodson County—such as the birth of Buster Keaton in 1895 and the visit of President Rutherford B. Hayes in 1879 and the arrival in the county of Thurlow T. Kaurance, the composer of the song *Falling Leaves*, in 1885 and, most impressive of all perhaps, the sighting on the night of April 19, 1897 by Captain Alexander Hamilton of a brightly lighted, reddish airship with a cigar-shaped cab in 300 feet long. This, it is recorded, was "UFO #1" in U.S. annals of unidentified flying objects, and Captain Hamilton swore that there were six "strange" beings aboard and that they dropped a red larva over the neck of a 3-year-old heifer and floated away with the cow while the captain, his son and a tenant looked on helplessly. The heifer was later found butchered in a neighbor's pasture. At the time Captain Hamilton resided on a farm 10 miles outside of Yates Center, and several citizens of the village signed an affidavit testifying



HOMECOMING KING gets a crown (furry) and a queen (fuzzy), all a well in Yates Center.

to his veracity shortly after he reported seeing the strange ship.

The collection at the Woodson County Historical Society is, then, maintained with an eye for thoroughness and a respect for detail. A few weeks ago Walter A. Bowers, 72, a member of the society's board of directors, added to the museum's collection a thick scrapbook filled with photographs and newspaper clippings of Mike Peterson's athletic career. Bowers said, "There is no doubt in my mind that Mike Peterson is the greatest athlete ever to perform in 100 years in Yates Center. I felt that we should capture his achievements right now and put him on record at the museum as being the best in our history."

Walter Bowers brings to that judgment of Mike's prowess a bit more insight than the average Yates Center citizen might be able to muster. For even though he is gray-haired and a bit paunchy now, with rimless spectacles and the dignified mien one might expect of a retired engineer from New York, Bowers was once a member of the University of Chicago's world-record two-mile-relay team that was coached by Amos Alonzo Stagg. He was an extremely gifted athlete in a number of other events, too. Indeed, in 1924, Bowers finished 11th in the U.S. Olympic trials for the decathlon.

"I considered myself perhaps the best 145-to-155-pound athlete in the world at that time," says Bowers, with a light, modest chuckle. "Since then I have developed many other interests besides sports, of course. For example, I am right now in the midst of preparing a paper on the life of Michelangelo for delivery to the Rotary Club next week. But I have enough background in sports, I think, to know that Mike Peterson is a brilliant young performer. I knew Red Grange when he was at the University of Illinois and I saw him play often. Mike Peterson has Red Grange's same unearthly capacity for breaking tackles. I saw Walter Eckersall play for the University of Chicago, and he was one of the greatest open-field runners ever to play the game. Mike Peterson has the same footsteps and the same tricks as Walter Eckersall. I have seen every basketball game Mike Peterson played, and many baseball games. There is no doubt in my mind that in the full century that Yates Center has existed there has never—never—been a better athlete. And I have seen to it that it is so re-

corded in the history of this village."

So much for the past. Now what of the future for Yates Center's greatest athlete? Well, despite the high marks issued by Walter Bowers and most everyone else in town, there was no heavy campaign from college recruiters to sign him up. Almost certainly that is because of his slight size. Mike will enroll in the fall at the Kansas State Teachers College at Emporia, and he plans to play basketball and baseball. "I hope someday to get to be a pro baseball player," he says. "I probably ain't fast enough to be a pitcher but I figure with some breaks I could make it as an outfielder. If I don't make that, I'd probably want to coach or something like that."

There is, of course, intense interest in Yates Center in what will happen to Mike now that the magic days of high school heroism are at an end. One fellow who could be a little closer to the truth of it all than others is Gary (Hutch) Dixon, 27, another barber in Yates Center. In 1963, Hutch Dixon was graduated from Yates Center High School, an athlete of great repute. As a quarterback he had made All-League, All-Southeast Kansas and honorable mention All-State. He was one of the few boys in the village ever to have won 17 letters from the sixth grade all through high school—a feat Mike Peterson accomplished, too, of course.

"Well, those were about the greatest years I can remember, those high school games and all," says Hutch. "I was going to go on to college, but things got tight and I decided on a trade school instead and I opened up my barbershop here. I've never regretted staying in Yates Center. Hell, I was Mike Peterson's first coach—in pee-wee baseball. I think Mike is going to do all right from now on. It'll be hard for him in college, maybe. He's never been away from home, you know. He's used to the way it is in Yates Center where everybody knows him and everybody remembers all his big moments in sports. Mike Peterson's a great man in Yates Center—even I tell my 4-year-old he's gotta take his nap because Mike Peterson takes naps. My little boy will do almost anything to be like Mike Peterson."

And that, whatever happens, is a particular slice of immortality that no one else can ever have. It is reserved for the greatest athlete in the history of the Hay Capital of the World.

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Angling and Some Acts of God

Delayed by a poisonous prawn and torrential rains suggesting disinterest—if not anger—from above, the fishermen finally found their British Columbia rainbows **by Thomas McGuane**



This was one of the ways a fishing trip could begin. For openers, the airline smashed my tackle, and in less than 24 hours after starting I lay in bed at our hotel in Victoria, food-poisoned.

Frank, my companion, was speaking to the house physician. "It came on him very suddenly," he said. "*He didn't even finish his drink.*"

I lay there, the poisoned pup of American angling, and wondered about the long flight north the next day. At that moment our itinerary seemed to lie heavy upon the

land. We were going up into the Skeena drainage, and I realized that if I could stop vomiting (and ruing the prawn dinner that had precipitated this eventuality) I would see matchless country and have angling to justify all the trouble. It would be the perfect antidote to food poisoning and all the dark things that ail you.

As it was, the trip seemed a trifle askew. Coming in from Seattle, I had inadvertently been thrust among the members of an Ohio travel group; a mixed bag, coming from all parts of the country. "We're with Hiram Tours,"

continued



one man said to our stewardess as we flew north from Seattle. "Is that Alaska down there? Or Oregon?"

The stewardess began a quick and voluntary rundown of the glories of Our Neighbor to The North. "There is a mountain in Banff," she explained momentarily, "that they've named Mount Eisenhower." She paused to look first at the blank uncomprehending faces, then at the sullen Pacific beneath us. She exhaled audibly. "After your former President, that would be."

We flew on for some time in silence.

One of the tour group looked up suddenly, beaming from the map in his lap. "Strait of Juan de Fuca!" he cried.

That's all right; I could take it. I was ready for this kind of thing. I was going to virgin country and I still hadn't got food poisoning and my companion hadn't yet had to call the house physician to say, "He didn't even finish his drink."

They had been to San Francisco and were doing the resumed now: "Filthah hippahs!" said a lady from Little Rock. Then a young man bound for Vietnam announced, "Well, I'm off to defend my country!" in terms that seemed less than totally sincere. So the tour group, for this and other reasons, grew festive and was ready to pile off the plane by the time we arrived at Victoria.

I registered at the Empress Hotel, a stupendous Victorian edifice where the bellhops scurry like hamsters and the waiters in the dining room, simpler any number of hopes about your meal; exactly the place to have an R.A.F. mustache and answer, "Quite gud, rally." Frank, my fishing companion, arrived and we talked about our trip north. Then early to bed with glimpses of the curious Victoria skyline, a pastiche of the highrise and the venerable.

Every traveler here soon discovers the considerable pity about the British connection. If the Queen ever gets run out of England, bag and baggage or otherwise, this is where you're going to find her held up; the Victoria Chamber of Commerce will have drawn its wagons in a circle around her.

Anyway, in addition to the good transpositions like the unmatched gardens of the city or the numerous bookstores, you get double-decker buses imported from London, a lot of stuff about coats of arms in woolen-store windows and tea and crumpets bombarding the eye everywhere from the Empress itself to the Rexall drugstore.

But to emphasize the town's studied dowdiness is unfair. It is a tourist trick. It is obvious that Victoria is a town of what used to be called graciousness, and any ride

around its perimeter will put the traveler's back to the unparallelled gardens and, in contrast to such cultivation, his face to the headlands of the San Juan Islands.

There had been heavy weather immediately prior to our arrival, and long golden log booms, the shape and color of egg yolks, had been towed inside the bays for protection. Beyond, handsome trawlers were moored under clouds of gulls. If you squinted, it looked like Anchorage or Seattle or San Francisco or Monterey or—squinting tighter—Mazatlan; the Pacific community seemed continuous.

That first morning I picked up the menu downstairs in the hotel. A number of breakfasts were described: "The Charlotte," "The Windsor," "The Albert," "The Edward," "The Victoria" and "The Mountbatten."

"I'll have The Mountbatten," I said, "over lightly."

Frank made a number of order changes in his Edward.

"If you're going to substitute oatmeal and an extra egg on your Edward," said the waitress, "you might just as well order a la carte."

I was hungry and ate The Mountbatten with abrupt gestures of my right arm.

We spent the day driving around as far up the coast as Saltspring Island. At one of the ferry crossings, watching the wind-striped water and high, beautiful fjords, I innocently poisoned myself with a prawn.

A local prawn? An outsider? I don't know.

Within hours I had failed to finish my drink. My companion was on the phone to the house doctor. My vision was contracting. My gorge was rising for the 10th time. I felt the Canadian Pacific was not what it was cracked up to be. I called for a rosary.

We were going north to Smithers by way of Williams Lake. The fellow passengers were more promising than the tour group—a few sports like ourselves, some surveyors, timber cruisers, a geologist. The minute the aircraft had elevation a country revealed itself that was so tortuous, folded and empty that some trick of time seemed to have been done.

The sky came down to a jagged horizon of snow, and for 360° a coastal forest, baleful and empty, rose to the mountains. Past the bright riveted wing, the ranges suc-



ceeded each other to the north in a blue eternity.

We landed at Williams Lake on the Fraser River, dropped off passengers, taxied, flew a few yards, landed again, taxied again, took off again and landed. The pilot came out of the cockpit with his shirt unbuttoned and remarked with appalling candor that the plane felt like a Model A.

We got off the plane. I stopped under the starboard engine with the pilot. "Popcorn and marshmallow sauce seems to be pouring out of that motor," I said. It did, too.

They sent us into Williams Lake to eat while they fixed the plane. In the cab we learned the airline we were using was bankrupt. It had come to seem so. But at the restaurant they told us to return to the plane immediately.

When we boarded, the pilot said, "I hope it goes this time. Occasionally you're not lucky."

So we flew into the wild blue yonder, over the increasingly remote wilderness, hoping that we would be lucky and that the plane would work and be better in all ways than a Model A.

At Smithers, the seaplanes rested very high on their pontoons beside floating docks. A mechanic tapped away at a workbench nearby as we boarded a De Havilland Beaver.

Within a short time, we hung, it seemed precariously, over a long, gravelly mountain ridge. The pilot craned around looking for mountain goats, while Frank and I exchanged nervous glances and judged the drop.

On either side of us implacable-looking peaks and ridges stood, while underneath blue and green lakes hung in saddles and rock-walled cirques. Occasionally the entire groundscape shone amid delicate water meadows, and in a short time we had landed and were taxiing toward our fishing camp. I thought of the trout under our gliding pontoons. Perhaps a very large fish would misjudge the aircraft and rise to it as to a dry fly.

We met Ejnar Madsen, the camp's co-owner.

"How is the fishing?" Frank inquired routinely.

"Extremely poor," said Ejnar.

"Really?"

We put our luggage down on the dock. It began to rain. There had been an Act of God and we could not be philosophical about it. I asked what had happened. The biggest summer rain in many years had raised the lake and turned the river almost black with runoff.

Next day we floated disconsolately down the slow, ineffably northern river in a 25-foot, Indian-built spruce river boat. The rain poured off our foul-weather gear and made puddles in our laps.



Between long spells of silence we burst into absurd conversations:

"Neighbor's cat crawls under the hood of the car. Next morning the neighbor starts the car. The fan does a job on the cat."

"Apropos of what?"

"Wait a minute. They take the cat to the vet. He shaves the cat's whole tail except for the end. The cat looks like a lion. Pretty soon the cat thinks he's a lion."

"In what way?"

"Forget it."

Now the rain was going sideways. You'd cast a fly and it would vanish long before it got to the water. We knew gloom.

Some very small, very stupefied trout came upon our flies and ate them. We caught those trout. Of the large smart trout known to live in the lake, we took none. Some hours later we sat around the Air-tight heater, for all purposes blanked.

We were fishing for rainbows in their original watershed. In such a situation they can be expected to be magnificent fish, quite unlike the hatchery imitations which have, in effect, blemished the species. They are strong, fast and rise freely to a dry fly. We were, moreover, in an area that produces fish of a rather large average size.

continued



In the spring and early summer the fish here herd and pursue salmon fry, including the sluggish little alevins which are the very young fry, tadpole-shaped, with their still unconsumed egg sacs. Ideally, the big rainbows are to be found chasing the bait on top where they can be cast to, rather like pelagic fish. We liked this image. We would cast, fight, land and release until our arms were, as the saying went, tired. The rainbows could also be taken on dry flies; there were mayflies and grasshoppers to imitate and there were stoneflies in the lower stretch.

We had not made much of a beginning, but our hopes were still running high. The next morning we were fishing by 6, hunting feeding rainbows. It is "hunting" if you are finding something. If you are not, it is driving around the lake in an outboard.

"We should have brought the water skis."

"Oh come on."

We continued hunting, as it were. And we didn't find anything; not one thing. When more of the unseasonable rain blew in from the exaggerated sky, we sat, fly rods in hand, like drowned rats. I began to take an interest in the details of the bilge.

Some time later, when it had cleared a little, we headed down the lake to an Indian village that is inhabited by a branch of the Carrier tribe—so named because the widows of the tribe once carried the charred bones of their husbands around on their backs. The village is prettily sited on a high series of hills and looks out on the lake and river where the two are joined. There are a couple of dozen buildings along a wooden walk and a small Hudson's Bay store.

When we passed the upper part of the town, an Indian girl in an aniline-blue mink skirt was pulling sockeye salmon from a net. Nearby, a man worked on his outboard; ravens and gulls screamed and circled overhead, waiting for a chance at the offal from the gutted salmon. There were 100,000 or more sockeyes in the river now. Many of them came up out of the wilderness with bear claw marks on them.

We docked at the lower end of the village, hurried up the hill and got under the eaves of the wooden schoolhouse as the rain started in hard. There was a notice in the school window.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

During the absence of the schoolteacher, this school building must be closed. It therefore cannot be used for dances, bingo games or any other

social gatherings. Anyone asking permission to use the school will be refused.

R. M. McIntyre
Superintendent
Burns Lake Indian Agency

In two or three places on the walls of this wilderness school were dabbed the letters LSD, which did not stand for League of Spiritual Discovery. The letters were doubtlessly put there by someone who spoke English as a second language. The times they are a-changing.

When the weather relented a little, we hiked up the hill to the old cemetery, mostly overgrown. The epitaphs intrigued us: "To the sacred memory of our brother killed by a gunshot wound." I found two old headmen's graves. "Chief William" and "Chief Agusa." The titles were purely titular; the Carriers gave their chiefs little power. The cultural overlay seemed rather bald on the last stone I looked at. Beneath a conventional crucifix it read, "In memory of Ah Whagus, Died 1906, Age 36."

We walked around the village. The shy people smiled at the ground or stayed inside when we passed. On the boardwalk someone had written, "Big Fat Sally Do Your Stuff." Beyond the LSD graffiti and the noise of a transistor radio playing Dolly Parton as she sang "I'm a lady mule skinner from down ol' Tennessee way," black-shawled Indian women were taking the salmon down the river to a lower island and smoking them against a winter that was probably more imminent to them than to us. The older people were locked in some intense dejection, but the children played with familiar, manual energy in the deep wet grass with their salmon-fattened dogs.

It had rained enough that our simple cabin with its Air-tight heater acquired a special and luxurious glamour. When we got good and cold, usually the result of running the boat in one direction while the wind took the rain in another, we would head for the cabin, put some wood in the heater, douse it with cool oil and throw in the magic match that made everything all better. This was the romance of the heater. We played with the flue, adjusted the draft, and while the logs rumbled and roared inside we tuned the thing like a violin. One afternoon when a view through any of the windows would have suggested that the cabin was Captain Nemo's vessel and that we were at the bottom of the sea, Frank kept to his feet with an expensive Japanese camera in his hands

and began to take picture after picture of the tin heater rumbling peacefully with our wet laundry hanging around it in homage. You could say it was our little darling.

One of the exhilarations of fishing new places lies in rendering advice into some kind of obtained reality. Cast the fly, you are told, right along the bank and the trout will rise to it. So you cast and you cast until presently you are blue in the face and the appealing syllogism you started with is not always finished. When it does not work, you hang your vanquished person back to the dock where there is no way to weigh or measure the long face you have brought instead of fish. At the first whisky, you announce that it has been a trying day. Then someone else says that it is not just to get out. Irrationally, you wonder how you can get even for the remark.

But once, when the British Columbia sky made one of those spectacular partings we associate with the paintings of Turner or the hanging down of stone tablets, we saw what had been described to us in the beginning.

Large fish, their fins showing above the water, were working schools of salmon fry, a setup. We started the engine and ran upwind of them, cut the engine and started to drift down. We had the goods on them. When in range I false-cast a few times, made a long cast beyond them and gently retrieved into their midst.

I hooked a fish instantly. It made a strong fast run, then mysteriously flagged. I reeled. It came obediently to the boat where I rank netted it.

"What is that?" he asked. In the net was some kind of revolting giant minnow.

"It is Martha Raye," I said bitterly. "She has been drinking." Later we learned that it was a squawfish. No one ever caught one on purpose.

It was not until almost our last day that the river began to disclose itself. We made a drift past the Indian village where we were seeing occasional rises. The problem was that the river was so clouded that the fish were unable to see a fly. The condition was blamed on a stump desert left by nearly logging.

We began to drift, blind-casting large Wulff flies ahead of us, mending the line to keep the river from bellying it and dragging the fly. In very short order a bright band appeared beneath my fly, moved downstream with it and inhaled. I lifted and was sold to a very good fish, which was netted some minutes later. It humped heavily in the bottom of the boat until I could get the fly out and release it.

We were startled. A short time later another came, boiling the fly under with a very positive, deep take—and was released. There were no rises to be seen any longer, though fish rose fairly well to our own flies until we had six. Then the whole factory shut down, and nothing would persuade a trout to rise again. While it had lasted, all of British Columbia that had existed had been the few square inches around my dry fly. With the rise over, the world began to reappear, trees, lake, river, village, wet clothes.

I remembered, when watching movies as a child, how the theater seat—everything—would vanish, leaving me floating disembodied before the images on the screen. And it was this sort of possession you looked for when angling: to watch the river flowing, the insects landing and hatching, the places where trout hold, and to insinuate the supple, binding movement of tapered line until, when the combination is right, the line becomes quite rigid and many of its motions are concealed in the other end. That stage continues for a time that is dependent on the size of the trout and the skill of the angler. When the initiative changes hands, the trout is seen in the net, without an idea in his head until you release him. Then you see him going off, looking for a spot, and thinking. We had this only briefly: our trip was over.

On the way out we got a Cessna instead of a De Havilland and the airline didn't lose my luggage until Seattle, where it vanished through the looking glass of computerized bungling. A week later it surfaced in Bozeman Mont., and we were reunited. I took a good look at the suitcases. Someone unable to stand the pressure had enjoyed himself with a ball-peen hammer.

I opened my luggage on a hot Montana day and all the woolsens began to steam. I was home again. **END**



◆ That chap with hand on hip is Baltimore Colt Coach **Don McCafferty**, and he is talking with syndicated football columnist **Nila Gilcrest**, who wants a coaching job. Nila is serious about this. Previously she applied and was turned down at Idaho State. Her coaching theory goes something like this: "Football is the fairy tale of 1971, with the knights slaying dragons. . . . I would like to see more football players take up ballet for conditioning. . . . I also get a kick out of seeing big-muscled men. . . . Men are absolutely flabbergasted when they talk to me." Now come on, McCafferty, you can look more flabbergasted than that.

This week's Krusty Kat Award goes to **Bob Gardner** of Stroud, England. Bob ra'ared back and threw a brick 142' 6" to lead a competition in the tossing of bricks and rolling pins, staged simultaneously in Stroud, Okla.,

Stroud, Canada and Stroud, Australia. The men from the four Strouds did not throw rolling pins, of course. Their women did that.

And this week's Knee-Slapper involves **Tex Villareal**, who works for the Corpus Christi (Texas) Health Department and helps determine the effectiveness of a spraying campaign against mosquitoes by offering his own corpus to the little stingers. His record so far is 68 bites in 60 seconds and he's barely scratched the surface.

Nineteen-year-old **Dennis** wants to be a tree. He has dropped his surname along with a lot of other square old conventions and spends a good deal of time in Overton Park in Memphis, festooned from head to foot with leaves and branches. "I feel all clean and beautiful with leaves and twigs all over me," he says. When he was still just a twig Dennis saw Tarzan and Jane swinging through the woods, and, like, oh, wow. So if you see a tree with blue eyes and a mustache, it is only Dennis doing his thing. Understand now, Dennis is not yet a full-time tree; he has to get away from his construction job. Even trees have to eat, and Dennis has not learned how to manufacture his own chlorophyll. Although he doesn't seem to have any trouble with the sap.

Soccer star **Pelé** is presently having a (soccer) ball as star of a Brazilian film called *The March*. Pelé plays the part of a rebel slave who fights to free his people. Who do you think wins? Right.

Bobby Rush, billed as The Human Blockhead, was to be featured on Gooding's Midway during Milwaukee's Summerfest celebration, doing his own sporting specialty, which is driving



nails and see picks into his head. But Bobby copped out. In a recent auto accident he fractured some ribs.

◆ See the pretty waitresses. See how they run. All this leggy activity goes on at the Charles Town (W. Va.) Turf Club where the dining room waitresses break from the starting gate and jog $4\frac{1}{2}$ furlongs every day except when there is a heavy racing schedule, in which case they are preempted by the horses. "The idea," said waitress **Cindy Ham**, "is to lose weight. The other day after running I went up from 108½ to 111½ pounds." There's nothing like a success story.

Here is **Albert**, and **Albert** is swimming peacefully in his own little lake alongside a green at the Marco Island (Fla.) Golf and Country Club. Albert is a 10-foot alligator. Along comes **E. E. (Bague) Bailey**, accompanied by his pedigreed poodle. Suddenly, Bailey alleges later in court, Albert slithers out of the lake and gulps down poodle, pedigree and all. Enter **Judge Harold Smith**. Albert has got to go, he rules, "lest he graduate from dogs to children." Or, who can say, even golfers? Plot now thickens: along comes Florida's Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission in a cross-complaint, claiming jurisdiction and

accusing golfer Bailey of subsequently becoming a "gator-hunter" who tries to ensnare Albert from the lake in order to clobber him with golf clubs. Meanwhile, 200 Floridians sign a petition seeking to save Albert. Case still not settled. The score at halftime: Albert 1, People 1, Commission 1, Poodles 0.

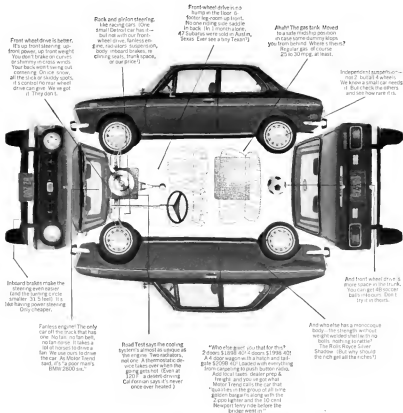
Clot Morgan Jr., onetime teammate of **Henry Aaron** in the minors, has been teaching baseball in Italy since 1966, when he was hired as coach by an Italian ice-cream manufacturer. In Italy there is no seventh-inning stretch, no ice-cold beer in the stands, no national anthem before the game, no big salaries. But there are fans. In Italy, Morgan explains, "the fans throw back all the foul balls and other things—like shoes and sucked-out oranges."

Now it can be told: The reason **Lu Liang-huan** is so good a golfer (SI, July 19) is that he plays under pretty tough conditions in his native Taiwan. Seems the mainland Chinese fire rockets overhead; the rockets burst open and shower propaganda leaflets all over the place, especially on one of the principal golf courses. But the locals have got a sporting rule for all that: Any leaflet that renders a ball unplayable may be moved without penalty.



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The secret weapon of the Sox

Chicago's Bill Melton is leading the league in homers. Bill who?

Until Bill Melton came to Chicago, the South Side's idea of a big hit man was Golf Bag Sam Hunt, who was partial to pulling out a shotgun instead of a nuke in tense situations. Golf Bag contributed to his own untimely end by lingering too long one evening in front of a brightly lit drugstore. Melton has also been a target recently—of pitchers who consider his American League home-run lead suitable cause for taking aim at him.

Such are the hazards when you have accumulated 25 home runs by the end of July. Melton, a well-developed 26-year-old, slammed three of them last week—one of which beat New York in the 12th inning—despite a taped hand, sore from warding off errant fastballs. "I haven't learned how to get out of the way," he confessed.

Still, the gritty performance in the midst of a six-game White Sox winning streak should help him attain the recognition he feels has unjustly eluded him. Only last month in Detroit a writer asked, "How does it feel to be on the All-Star team in your rookie year?" That especially hurt, because last season, his second full year with the White Sox, Melton set the all-time club home-run record with 33 and complained it was "the best-kept secret in baseball." The career record of 134, held by Minnie Miñoso in 10 years of play, could be Melton's in less than five.

Melton discovered his aptitude for baseball rather late. He had not played since the Little League in Duarte, Calif., when he went out for the Citrus Junior College team in 1964 when he was 18. That impulse to take up baseball again came only after he tired of selling

Avon products. In the first year his raw talent drew the attention of White Sox Scout Doc Bennett, who offered him a \$4,000 bonus to enter professional ball. Bill held back for twice as much, and his demand was met when Bennett saw him smash a 430-foot homer for a White Sox prospect team.

"It wasn't my ambition to get to the majors," Melton says today with a pleasing, resonant broadcaster's voice. "Baseball was a chance to travel and make money. I never thought about the big league until I reached Double A ball. When I was in the minors I was so bad in so many things I just never thought I'd make it."

Melton's defensive play was his biggest handicap, but he is well past the hunching stage of last year when he made 10 errors in the first 24 games. The last was a pop foul that hit him in the face, broke his nose and led to a new assignment in right field. The defensive metamorphosis of Melton began in earnest when Chuck Tanner took over as manager of the White Sox at the tail end of 1970, the team's worst season in nearly 40 years. Though Melton had played errorless ball in the outfield, Tanner reinstated him at third and taught him to move in slowly with each pitch to improve his range and alertness. Today Melton is an adequate fielder who would be even more so were he able to control a strong scatter arm that has been responsible for most of his 13 errors. Melton's defensive lapses have cost the White Sox three games this year, but he has driven in the team's winning run eight times.

Melton's short-stride uppercut swing is ideally suited for cavernous White Sox Park, where the nine-foot-high left-field fence is 352 feet from home plate. "I'll swing at anything. I don't have a strike zone," says Melton, who struck out in 11 consecutive appearances last year, seven times in an afternoon doubleheader. But this season he has twice cracked home runs in four straight games and has overcome his reputation for hitting only bases-empty homers—he was tagged Napoleon Solo—by hitting 13 with men on, twice, in fact, when the bases were loaded. His batting average is a commendable .282, and his RBIs total 66.

"I don't consider myself a home-run hitter yet," Melton says, "at least not like a Killebrew or a Howard. If I have two more years with more than 30 home

runs then I could call myself one."

That a member of the Chicago White Sox could hit home runs with any frequency at all is worthy of attention. The team established its all-time season record of 138 in 1961, an output that was modest anywhere but Chicago—the Sox sluggers stood seventh among the league's 10 teams that year.

Obviously, then, a man who can hit the long ball in a White Sox uniform is bound to attract notice. After the 1969 season, when Melton hit 23 homers, his reputation preceded him all the way to a winter league in Maracaibo, Venezuela. Melton promptly won the first game with a home run and then went the rest of the season without hitting another one. As his batting average settled at around .180, the temper of the Latin fans rose.

"They didn't just boo me," Melton recalls. "They hissed. Their favorite expression was 'my mulo [very bad] Melton,' and they said it while making a cutting sign across their throats. Of course I went for them about as much as they did for me. I didn't even like the country enough to take pictures there. It was all just too unreal. I remember traveling for hours to get to one game and finding out



MELTON GOES AFTER RECORD—HIS OWN

it had been canceled because a revolution was going on."

He is much more agreeably received on the South Side than in South America; his home runs have been a major factor in helping the Sox show a substantial improvement at the gate. Under Tanner the whole team has picked up and now has a shot at second place in the West.

Melton's roommate, Catcher Ed Herrmann, is recording each of Bill's home runs on a chewing-gum wrapper chain that Herrmann hopes will reach 2,160 before season's end—representing 40 homers. "The only problem," says Herrmann, "is that it's all Wrigley gum. Every time Bill hits one out, the owner of the Cubs makes money."

THE WEEK

AL WEST

CHICAGO knuckleballer Wilbur Wood defeated New York 5-4 on Wednesday and hoped to start both games of a doubleheader against Boston on Sunday, but Wood went out after seven innings of the opener (the loss 5-1) and never came back. The division's top two teams, means-while, were having their troubles. OAKLAND lost four in a row, its longest slump of the season, but Chuck Dobson's five-hitter finally beat Cleveland 9-1. One of the Athletics' lovers was Vida Blue, who was looking for his 20th win but found his fourth defeat instead, 4-1 against the Indians. Faltering, too, was KANSAS CITY, with five consecutive one-run losses. For Manager Bob Lemon, the most galling was a 1-0, 4½-inning rainout job against Baltimore. "The Orioles," said Lemon, who is back on ulcer medicine, "have the best team and worst ground crew in baseball." The clouds in CALIFORNIA seemed to be parting. The Angels have the division's best record since the All-Star break, 10-7, thanks in part to veteran reliever Eddie Fisher. Fisher won his ninth in 13 decisions by going the final 4½ innings against the Indians for a 7-2 win. Bulpen help is just what the MINNESOTA Twins need most. In one game they blew an eight-run lead, but the next day Bert Blyleven went all the way to post a 5-4 victory, his first since June 15. Milwaukee pitchers stopped Boston cold. Bill Parsons' five-hitter beat the Red Sox 5-1, Jim Stoen shut them out on three hits 5-0 and Marty Patton threw a four-hitter to win 3-0.

OAK 22-30 KC 22-30 CAL 22-27
CHI 22-27 MINN 22-28 MIL 22-20

AL EAST

PAT DOBSON pitched consecutive four- and five-hit shutouts to beat Oakland 1-0 and Kansas City 4-0, but the biggest news in Baltimore was bunting Brooks Robinson. The perennial Gold Glove made three errors in one inning against the Athletics to let in two unearned runs. Had it ever happened before? "Not in one game, much less one inning," admitted Brooks, who was bailed out when Frank Robinson hit a ninth-inning homer to win 3-2. The night before Brooks had won one in the ninth, 6-4, and both homers came off Rollie Fingers. With Carl Yastrzemski benched for the second time this year, Boston ended a four-game losing streak by beating Chicago 6-0. Jim Lonborg won it with a three-hitter. Yar, 4 for 36 when he left the lineup, "is trying to do everything by himself," according to Manager Eddie Kasko. The night Billy Martin got his stolen hand-carved \$150 Danish pipe back, Detroit started smoking. The Tigers won four straight one-run games with rallies in the 11th inning, the ninth inning (twice) and the eighth inning. The fire went out when California beat Mickey Lolich 3-2 in 12 innings. New York entered the week in a rush after reaching the 500 mark but then lost five of six. The only win came in a wild game against Minnesota. After trailing 9-1 through five innings, the Yankees won 11-9. There was a heap of turmoil in CLEVELAND, where Indian Manager Alvin Dark was replaced by Coach Johnny Ligon, and star pitcher Sam McDowell was suspended. McDowell, who did not show up for Friday's and Saturday's games, claims he has a contract loophole that makes him a free agent. With a plethora of starters, WASHINGTON (page 26) opened a 1½-game lead over the cellar-dwelling Indians.

BALY 22-28 BOS 21-22 DET 22-24
NY 22-28 WASH 22-21 CLE 22-24

NL WEST

SAN FRANCISCO played its final regular-season series against Pittsburgh last week, and the four-game sweep at home meant a 9-3 advantage for the year in the battle of divisional leaders. A seven-run seventh inning highlighted the second of the Giant victories, a 15-11 hitathon in which Pirate Willie Stargell hit two home runs. LOS ANGELES was holding on to second place, thanks to three wins over the Reds. Don Sutton ended his four-game losing streak as Richie Allen hit his 16th home run in one victory and Al Downing advanced his record to 13-4 with eight innings of three-hit pitching in the other. Charging ATLANTA has now won 10 of its last 13 and 21 of 30. A 4-2 win over the Giants was spotlighted by two home runs from singles-batter Zoilo Versalles. Houston continued its season-long

crush on mediocrity, and General Manager Spec Richardson fumed. "We've got a better ball club than we're showing," he said as the Astros continued their gentlemanly .500 pace. Where that left Manager Harry Walker is uncertain, since the Hal's contract is up for renewal at the end of the season. CINCINNATI Manager Sparky Anderson thought he had at least one of his problems figured out. "I should have been playing him all year," he said after Centerfielder Hal McRae had a 5 for 5 performance in an 11-3 rout of San Diego. McRae immediately went 0 for 17 as the Reds dropped their next five. SAN DIEGO's Dave Roberts beat Cincinnati 5-1 on a five-hitter, lowering his league-leading earned-run average to 2.15 and causing Anderson to go out on another limb and say, "He's the best we faced all season."

SF 27-42 LA 27-41 ATL 27-54
HOUS 24-32 CIN 40-21 SD 28-30

NL EAST

PITTSBURGH has been doing poorly of late and the leak seems to be in the bullpen, which has featured a 7.26 ERA since the All-Star break. Of 67 bns in 53½ innings off the relievers, nine have been homers and three of those grand slams. ST. LOUIS moved into second place for the first time since June 9 when it took three of four from New York. Bob Gibson's third straight win, a six-hitter against the Phillies, finally brought his record up to .500 at 9-9. Ferguson Jenkins won his 17th for CHICAGO by beating Montreal 10-2. "The only difference between me and Bob Gibson," he started to say—and Glenn Beckert interrupted, completing the sentence with "Is about a foot of fistball." Jenkins had intended to finish with, "about \$70,000 a year." NEW YORK concluded a disastrous July, in which the Mets lost 20 of 29 games, by taking a pair from the Cubs. In an Old Timers contest at Shea Stadium, Bobby Thomson, the former Giant outfielder, was on the mound against Ralph Branca, the former Dodger pitcher. In the reverse roles, Branca hit a fly ball to center field that may well have outdistanced Thomson's famous Chinese home run which decided the 1951 pennant. PHILADELPHIA's power-hitting star Willie Montañez failed to run out a ground ball last week against St. Louis, and, before his batting helmet stopped spinning at front of the dugout, Manager Frank Lucchesi had sent Byron Browne to take his place in center field. Ron Hunt of MONTEREAL was struck by a pitch for the 31st time this year, tying the "modern" major league record and keying a 6-4 win over Houston.

PIT 27-41 ST. L 28-42 CHI 28-42
NY 24-32 PHIL 40-21 MONT 42-25

Dribbling on the verge of the merge

In a deal that must effect all sports, the two basketball leagues will probably be allowed to become one—at the cost of the reserve clause

The proposal made in Congress last week that the two pro basketball leagues—the NBA and the much newer ABA—be granted exemption from antitrust laws so that they can merge may ultimately produce radical changes in the nature of all professional team sports in this country.

On the surface it appears simple enough. An amendment to an earlier bill asks Congress to allow the merger, just as it allowed the NFL and the AFL to become one pro football league in 1966. It was sponsored by Senators Roman Hruska (R., Neb.) and John (Son of Long Count) Tunney (D., Calif.) and Representative Andrew Jacobs (D., Ind.). Behind them, steering the proposal's hoped-for passage through hearings, conferences and committees, is the able former Republican Senator Thomas Kuchel of California, who was engaged by the two leagues as an expert in such affairs. But beneath the surface lies the real issue, which is not merger at all but retention of the option clause (or reserve clause, as it is known in baseball), that provocative prescriptive that binds pro athletes to the team that first signs them.

This is not to imply that merger is an idle matter. It is probably crucial to the life of the sport. Twenty-five of the 28 pro teams lost money last year, and no ABA team has ever earned a dime. Pro basketball likes to refer to itself as "the sport of the '70s" but, considering the mad bidding war for talent, the proliferation and shifting of franchises and other assorted idiocies in the interleague war, this could be the decade in which it dies. The notion voiced by some players that only two or three clubs would fold if there is no merger is pure Pollyanna. And who is going to watch the Knicks play the Lakers 32 times a year?

The congressional sponsors have carefully emphasized that in offering their proposal they are not implying support of the option/reserve clause. What they

want to assure is that pro basketball will survive long enough for Congress to consider the clause. On the other hand, the NBA Players Association, led by New York Attorney Lawrence Fleisher, is determined to fight any move toward merger that does not include elimination of option/reserve. Or so he fiercely maintains. Fleisher says flatly that merger *per se* does not mean a thing to the players, that they do not care whether there is one league or 100 of them so long as the players "possess the competitive right to negotiate salaries." That is, to regularly put their talents up for bidding among all teams.

If Kuchel has economics on his side, Fleisher has history on his. Pro football gained its merger privilege by assuring Congress that the players would not suffer financially. Of course, they have. Indeed, the NFL Players' Association has volunteered to rush into the fray with a compilation of their declining salaries to help save their dribbling brethren from like penalty. Basketball players now collect about \$45,000 a year, on the average, while the poor graders have to get by on an average of \$30,000 for their six months' work.

In a convoluted bit of logic he expressed recently on national TV, Fleisher declared bluntly that the players were in no way responsible if their high salaries were causing some owners difficulties, that the owners really liked dishing out big money. "They're the ones who are determining salaries. Sure, the players are demanding high salaries, but the actual payment is being made by the owners," is the way he explained it.

If this sounds like a highly ingenious variation of stick-'em-up, the players have no lock on wheeling and dealing. One of Fleisher's most telling points is that many ABA teams, perhaps even the whole league, came into existence because the men who bought in justified a ridiculous investment on the snag

assumption that they eventually would get a merger and the same congressional protection that has made all 26 pro football teams at least break-even propositions. To a lot of ABA owners the antitrust exemption would not come as a lifesaver but as the ticket for a cruise they signed on from the first. "Sure, maybe some teams are losing money," Fleisher says, "but what law says every new business must be a success?"

Anyway, Fleisher will put the reserve/option clause on trial and hope the merger is found guilty. Kuchel will put the reserve/option clause in the future and hope the merger is found acceptable. He probably has his best chances for success in the Senate, where he served 16 years and where hearings may begin in six weeks or so.

In the House the pivotal figure will be Representative Emanuel Celler (D., N.Y.), whose opposition to any privileges for the business of sport is well-established. Head of the House Judiciary Committee on antitrust matters, Celler teamed with the late Senator Estes Kefauver way back in the '50s to bottle up an all-sports bill that would have legitimized such things as the draft and the reserve/option clause. The 1966 football merger slipped past Celler only because the late Senator Everett Dirksen got some House cohorts to take it on an end run around Celler's committee; it snuck through as a rider to a tax bill. Fleisher says he feels sure that Celler will be on the players' side again.

The best guess is that the merger will pass in time to set up a common draft by next spring but that the players will earn some kind of compromise agreement so that no player will be bound to any team for, say, more than two or three years. After that, it should not be long before the courts (perhaps via the Curt Flood case) or the Congress similarly modify, or even abolish, reserve/option in all major sports.

BEAT THE SYSTEM. BUY A VOLVO.



And for their next number . . .

Palmer and Nicklaus won their third Team Championship in five outings and gave a needed boost to a novel, but shaky, tournament

Bruce Crampton said it ought to be called the Palmer-Nicklaus Benefit. Others suggested the Monsoon Classic. Yet, by whatever name, the \$200,000 1971 National Team Championship boiled down to the fact that rain or shine—or until trustbuster Teddy Roosevelt is reincarnated to team up with Lee Trevino—Arnold Palmer and Jack Nicklaus have a monopoly that is grow-

ing ridiculous. In the two years that the tournament has been played at the Laurel Valley Golf Club, 15 minutes from Palmer's front porch in Latrobe, Pa., he and Nicklaus have never trailed.

This time around they refrained from being ostentatious, as was the case last year when, on the first day, a morning downpour ceased and the sun broke through as they stepped up to the first

tee. Mopping up on the also-rans last Sunday, they had to suffer a morning drizzle with the mortals; even at the 16th, where an outrageous cloudburst struck the champions, Nicklaus merely slapped in another birdie. "It almost didn't go into the center of the cup," Palmer noted with horror.

Finally it was over, Arnie-and-Jack 27 under par and six strokes ahead of the nearest competition, and Palmer airily declaring that, heck, he'd seen much worse golf weather. "That really was kind of Sunday play out there today," he intoned. It had been a good show, the titans at work, but as it happens, there was sentiment among a number of Laurel Valley members to fold it, which appears to be the only way of stopping that pair.

The Team Championship, since its beginning in 1965, has been a tour throwaway—an event assigned worthless dates or, as was the case in 1967 and 1969, none at all. But last year from the lush Laurel Highlands of western Pennsylvania, the seemingly bottomless wealth of the Laurel Valley membership reached out and lifted the scuffed-up tournament to its feet, charging it with the noblest of missions. It would be an annual celebration of Palmer's name, standing in his honor at Laurel Valley as the Masters does for Bobby Jones in Augusta.

The format was distinctive—a baseball competition played by two-man teams that could gun recklessly for birdies as soon as one partner had made par or was reasonably sure of it. The tournament thus embodied even the charging style of its patron hero.

So Laurel Valley's members (a third of whom are spread around the country) put the arm on NBC and tied up a television bundle that made the tournament a success—but barely. Palmer and Nicklaus did their part faultlessly in 1970, smashing par by 25 strokes. But the club owners, who noted that they had put up a \$350,000 building, christened The Palmer Pavilion, to accommodate the tournament, also noted that the scant box office wouldn't come near paying for it. So after 1970, a faction within the club served notice that Arnie's Party had better start showing more muscle at the gate. Or else.

On that note, the tournament committee plunged this year into a quag-

continued



WITH NARY A RIVAL IN SIGHT, NICKLAUS AND PALMER LOOK FOR NEW CONQUESTS

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Old Crow
Made by good Kentucky hands



mire of difficulties. For one thing, the sports-page buildup so important to any tournament's success failed to materialize, primarily because of a Pittsburgh newspaper strike. Then the organizers ran into a skirmish with the region's club pros. Although Palmer is lionized by the golfing laity around Pittsburgh, a sizable number of professionals in the area don't share the enthusiasm. Most do not carry Palmer's clubs in their shops, and any hope that they would unite behind the Team Championship was dissipated when one John Conley, the head of the local PGA chapter, issued a Hoffa-type edict to the tournament committee. The qualifying tournament, which had been awarded to Champion Lakes, just up the road from Laurel Valley and owned by ex-baseball players Dick Groat and Jerry Lynch, would have to be moved, Conley said. He cited as the reason his interpretation of a fuzzy PGA bylaw that seems to require a resident PGA pro at a tournament course. "Ridiculous," fumed Palmer. But the qualifier was transferred.

Minor irritations continued to pile up. In the press tent the battery of telephones went dead because someone had sabotaged the lines. The players were grumbling because Laurel Valley did not permit them to use their own caddies. "If they'd let me use my caddie," said Dave Hill, "I'd pay the other one fifty bucks just to leave."

Happily, a delightful diversion cropped up amid the acrimony. Bill Finigan, a middle-income insurance man from Moon Township, Pa., had paid \$400 to enter the pro-am event in hopes that he and his playing partner, Nick Courtney, might become the first amateurs in history to play a competitive round of golf with both Palmer and Nicklaus. (There had been no pro-am in 1970.) When, indeed, they drew Palmer and Nicklaus, three of Finigan's friends—a sportscaster, an idle Pittsburgh football writer and a West Virginia University assistant football coach named Chuck Klausung—began scheming. After tracking Finigan down at the Lacroix Country Club, where Palmer's father Deke is the pro, they put Klausung on the phone with him, posing as a West Virginia coal baron dying to play with Palmer. Would Finigan sell his spot?

"I've already turned down \$1,000," replied Finigan, who explained that he is personally acquainted with Palmer

and would never sell his starting time. "Well," said Klausung, "I admire your sense of propriety, but I'd be willing to go to \$12,000." Finigan's next words, after some heavy breathing, were: "What did you say your name was? And where can I call you back?"

When Deke Palmer heard of the offer, his Scotch-English blood boiled. "Absolutely ridiculous!" he snapped. His wife Doris wondered if he'd pay a few thousand to play with Arnie's mother.

Meantime, the sportscaster in on the plot had taped the phone call and shipped it off to his radio station, where it was put on the air three times. Finigan, as a result, was the talk of Laurel Valley for the first couple of days.

It was a good thing they had Finigan to provide a few chuckles. An all-morning downpour washed out the first round on Thursday, marking the first time since February at Tucson that tour officials had to postpone a day's play. Friday the players at last teed off and, although the previous day's rain caused the 7,045-yard course to play exceptionally long, the first round more than demonstrated that the team event produces spectacular golf. Bobby Nichols holed out three times from off the green, in one instance from 120 yards. But there was no upstaging Arnie at his own party. On the well-trapped 10th hole, 150 yards out, the great host let fly his seven-iron. Even before the ball crossed the trap at the front corner of the elevated green, he called out, "Get in over, ball!" The ball obeyed, taking a single bounce and diving into the hole for an eagle 2. "I knew right then," Nicklaus quipped later, "that this was a member-guest."

With Palmer adding three birdies to his eagle and Nicklaus racking up four birds, the defending champions came in with a nine-under-par 62 to give Arnie's Party a heady beginning. But Bruce Crampton and Orville Moody lay only a stroke behind, and just behind them stood a titillating collection of partnerships—Hill & Hill, Lotz & Lotz, Archer & Nichols and Smith & Schlee.

The rain came again, catching Friday's tail-enders and continuing through the night. It left the greens under more than two inches of water for Saturday's round and forced a four-hour delay. This was a terrific development for Earl Fennell of Macon, Ga., who drew probably the biggest gallery of his pro career when about 50 early birds with aob-

ing else to watch stood around while he hit practice shots at the driving range.

The second round finally got under way past noon, when Palmer and Nicklaus trudged across the moist fairways and mushy greens to a seven-under 64; they were now 16 under for the two rounds, four strokes ahead of Hill & Hill and so relaxed that even Palmer's remarks about Nicklaus' slow play at the U.S. Open were the subject of good-humored banter. "We went fast today, didn't we, Jack?" Palmer remarked after the first round. Nicklaus replied, "Well, it took you a little long to select a club at 18 but, except for that, yes."

Sunday's 36-hole final rounds, forced upon the tournament by Thursday's rain-out, gave pause to Sam Snead, who, at age 59, was not very enthused over his 6:30 a.m. starting time. Upon reflection, he brightened a little. "Down home," he said, referring to his base at White Sulphur Springs, W.Va., "when you have a couple little pigeons on the wire and they only have two or three days to stay, well, we just go 'round and 'round and 'round. I say, 'Boys, let's get in as many holes and as many rounds as we can possibly go.' If we had 24 hours of daylight, I think we'd still be going."

But Sam and the rest of the field were Arnie's and Jack's pigeons as the Team Championship sloshed through the muck to its conclusion. Of the two champs, Nicklaus had been the heavyweight, delivering 17 birdies to Palmer's 11 and one eagle. But the split on the \$40,000 first prize was 50-50, pushing Palmer's 1971 earnings to the \$184,749 mark, and Jack's to \$187,763.

Meantime, a development encouraging to the tournament's future had transpired at the box office. Almost 46,000 spectators—5,000 more than last year—had paid their way in, notwithstanding the newspaper strike and the weather. With prices having been lowered, the Team Championship would just about break even again, but the increased attendance surely demonstrated that the process of educating the public to four-ball play was paying off. Industrialist George H. Love, Laurel Valley's answer to Augusta's Cliff Roberts, said, "The Masters had 10 lean years before it started to take off." He said he would argue that the Team Championship be kept right where it is. And up there in those Laurel hills, the canon is, "What George Love wants, George Love gets." **END**

Where I came from, a so-called lady golfer was always something to be hollered at, like an overheating '53 Buick blocking traffic, or a sullen waitress who couldn't remember to put cheese on the burger and leave off the onions, the dummy. Hey, you. You up there on the green with the legs like tree bark, and the schoolteacher skirt and the one-foot putt. It's good. I gave you the putt, all right? So take

Out There with Slow-Play Fay

A former male-chauvinist golfer makes his peace with the women pros in Las Vegas

by DAN JENKINS

your 135 shots back to the Mixed Grill and jump into your vodka martini with your nitwit husband who took your father's stealing money and built the country club and won't let you play here but once a week—in front of me. Go shell some peas or crochet an afghan or do whatever women ought to be doing instead of cluttering up a golf course. Fore! Fore, Agnes Zilch!

That's how it was growing up back in Texas. The most fun was to stand back there with your guys and then, after all the yelling and wasting, everybody would cut loose with a three-iron. And then when the shots would burn into the green and go between the putting stances of Slow-Play Fay and Play-Slow Flo, and when they would hop around like an assortment of Ruby Keelers, we'd sink to the knees of our khakis in aching laughter.

We had it all worked out in our minds that we belonged on the course and they didn't. We were there to sharpen up for the Goat Hills Invitation and they—the women—were there to keep us from becoming the future Hogans and Nelsons. "Women golfers are meece," we said, referring to our plural of moose,

continued



and Play-Slow Flo



We never asked to play through. We just did it, often while they were studying their chip shots. And there would always be one of them, a slightly rotund, menacing, scowling soul who would challenge us. "Don't you boys know anything about manners?" she would say.

We would all very wittily ask each other if we knew anything about manners and, while we putted out, we would discuss it. One of us would say he thought he used to know something about manners, back when manners lived over on Hemphill near Kenny Don Minter, who couldn't beat nobody. Manners was pretty good, we would say, but he had a tendency to snap-hook it when he got moved up in cash. We would be going on toward the next tee and the big lady would still be after us. "I know who you are, and I'm going to tell your parents," she would say.

One of us would say, "That's gonna be a lot of phone calls because we all come from broken homes."

The big lady would usually turn out to be somebody I'll call Mrs. R. F. Zinger, 14 times city champion and president of the women's district golf association. She would be the first lady ever to pass the local bar exam, the first lady pilot, a former Curtis Cup alternate, an ex-national spelling-bee champion, the daughter of the city's first four-term mayor, the author of a textbook on the history of the Colorado River and the architect of the town's new West Side freeway system.

With Mrs. R. F. Zinger lecturing after us, we would bound off down the fairway, having successfully played through, but of course a couple of us would insist on calling something back at her from out of slung-wedge distance. "Miz Zinger eats Maxflis," somebody would shout. And somebody else would holler, "In an unranked bunker."

Such was my fondness for women's golf in those days. Not to suggest, however, that my attitude would be changed by a certain maturity or my advancement into newspaper work. Anyone who ever did time on a newspaper sports desk is familiar with the type of phone calls you get from lady golfers. Mine usually came when I was listening to the Kentucky Derby and the horses were at the post. I would get the call from Mrs. Simcox reporting the net 77 that Mrs. Slocum shot to win the local women's golf association's Tuesday Flag Tournament.

"I'm sure it was a net 77," Mrs. Simcox would say. "Let's see. She bogeyed 1, double-bogeyed 2 . . ."

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

I guess my most favorite phone call of all time—true story—went something like this:

Me: Hi, sports fans. Pegler here. Rumyon's out to lunch.

"Sports department, please."

This here's it.

"Is this the sports department?"

Take it on one, Hildy.

"Hello? Sports department?"

Hi!

"This is Mrs. J. D. Stephens calling for Mrs. R. F. Zinger, the president of the women's district golf association. Mrs. Zinger asked me to call you because she said you always wanted the results of our weekly tournaments."

Oh, good.

"Mrs. Zinger said you liked to print the results."

Well, Mrs. Zinger looks out for us pretty good.

"Mrs. Zinger said to tell you that we played our weekly blind-flag bogey event today, and I have the results."

You played a what?

"Our weekly blind-flag bogey tournament is what Mrs.

Zinger called it."

What exactly is that?

"Well, it was sort of complicated, but we all played

and I have the winners here."

Fine. What was it again?

"It was our weekly blind-flag bogey tournament, a different type of event that Mrs. Zinger thought up."

O K.

"I'm not sure I can explain it, but we all played 18 holes and then Mrs. Zinger figured out who won."

O K. Just start with the winner.

"Well, first place in the championship flight was Mrs. R. F. Zinger. . ."

It was inevitably my experience that women didn't actually *play* golf. They clobbered it. They all stood there in front of my gangsome, poking at two-inch putts. They all had usefully slow, four-piece backswings with curious hip moves. They took the clubs back so far that the shafts whipped them on the shoulder blades, and then they lunged forward and the club heads plundered into the earth and the balls went dribbling off into the woods.

A lot of the time I figured it was the way they dressed that made them play so badly. And slowly. They all wore those goofy things on their feet that weren't socks and came up just above the shoe tops and reached down below the anklebones. Ugly. And they wore straight skirts that hit them below the knees, with white blouses that were too tight, and big-brimmed hats with red bows.

Then there was the cackling in the clubhouse. After their rounds, I noticed that most women golfers could get into the booze better than most men. Several times I thought I saw two women having a bitter fight across a table, but they were just chatting over their Manhattans—or whatever women drink—about curtains and drapes.

I understood, of course, that there were supposed to be a lot of women golfers in the world who weren't like the ones I had always been exposed to. I knew about the flabe and Jameson and Suggs and all that. The lady pros. I knew they had a tour of their own, but I also knew what most guys felt about it: you would've bet that every one of 'em out there on the women's pro tour could overhaul a diesel truck if she put her mind and energy to it.

In recent years I have been presented with a number of chances to visit a women's pro tournament instead of hanging around the men's tour all the time. Each time I gingerly managed to escape, and the assignment most often fell to an associate in the golf department, a child star who writes too well for any of us to loaf much.

"You ought to go see 'em," he would say. "They're great."

Wrong. Got to stay with the guys, I would insist. Tom Wenskop is getting ready to issue his first quote of the year, and I don't want to miss it.

"It isn't like you remember it," my colleague would argue. "Most of them are cute and friendly, and they can play like hell."

Well, one of these days, I would say. Can't now, though. Got a biggie coming up in Pensacola. Eichelberger's moving up on the point list. McGee's ready to bust out. Crampton smiled the other day. All very exciting with the men.

To be candid about it, one of the things that kept me away from the LPGA tour was the knowledge that the girls don't exactly travel the caviar circuit in terms of towns. I mean, do you want to spend a week in Shreveport or Waco? Take your shot, Alamo, Calif., or Winchester, Va.? Hershams, Pa. or Prospect, Ky.?

Also, the names of their tournaments were troubling. They all sounded like stock-car races. Last year, for example, there were things like the Shreveport Kiwanis Invitational, the Johnny Londoff Chevrolet, the Len Intmke Buick, the Springfield Jaycee, the Lincoln-Mercury and the Quality Chek'd Classic. How did they miss Darling-



ton and Daytona? What was Sandra Haynie driving these days? A modified Spalding with dual grips?

Then it happened. My young associate said early last spring he thought there might be a women's event coming up that I'd like. The \$50,000 Sealy-LPGA Classic. Sealy like in mattress.

That's funny, I said.

"No, seriously," he said. The men's tour was quiet, after all. Terry Dill wouldn't be changing his grip for another week or so. Dick Lotz still had the same putter. Bert Yancey had postponed his annual interview till July.

"And it's in Las Vegas," he said.

That was the magic word. Vegas. Now, I know that to some people Las Vegas is not all that fascinating. To some, it's Baghdad-by-the-Copperheads, the mob's idea of chic, a neon-lit asylum, the blonde-wig, mo-hra, no-brain capital of the Western world. To others, such as me, however, Vegas comes up as the only civilized city in the U.S., because it's the only one where there aren't a lot of lightweight lawmakers trying to tell you that you can't eat, drink, gamble or fall in love between two a.m. and noon. So I take Vegas whenever I can get it, even if I have to fool around with women's golf.

Judging from the number of blue Sealy blazers around The Desert Inn during one full week last May, there weren't many mattresses being sold anywhere. Sealy was ventur-

ing into golf for the first time, and the company had selected a women's tournament to sponsor for what it believed to be a tidy statistical reason. Women make or influence nine out of every 10 mattress purchases, said a Sealy press release. Furthermore, the release pointed out, "Research confirmed that the millions of people who enjoy golf conform to what Sealy believes is the predominant purchaser of its Posturepedic mattress."

There was an early moment at The Desert Inn, when I saw all of the lady pros attacking the slot machines, that this terrific headline came to me:

CARDINA POUNCES PREDICaments PAIN.

It didn't take long, in Vegas, for me to realize that one of the major differences between lady pros and men pros is that lady pros scream a whole lot more at a dice table. On the first night in town I was trying to have a quiet drink in the lobby bar at The Desert Inn with my old friend Bud Erickson, a former employee of the Detroit Lions and Atlanta Falcons who had been cast into the unlikely role of executive director of the LPGA, when we heard these female noises ringing through the casino.

"I think those are my people," Bud said.

We looked and there they were, nine of them, jammed around a dice table as if it were a washrag sale. One of them, Gerda Boykin, her name was, was shooting, and she had just rolled a seven. Almost everything in The Desert Inn stopped for the next few moments as Gerda Boykin, an attractive brunette who was once the only lady pro in Germany, made three more passes with the dice amid a chorus of some of the best shrieks since Annie first hatched up his trousers.

What had happened was, a bunch of the girls, including Judy Rankin and Pam Higgins and this Gerda, had formed a syndicate on the tour a few weeks before Vegas. Every

continued

time one of them three-putted in a tournament, she put \$1 into a pool, and they had this pact that they would take the money to Vegas for the Sealy. And on the first night there, one of them—it turned out to be Gerda Boykin—would shoot the bundle at craps for three, maybe four rolls. They went in with \$60 total, and the nine of them came out with an average of \$40 after Gerda got through.

Bud Erickson said, "Pretty good story, huh, right off the bat? Nothing like that on the men's tour, I guess."

Right, I said. You can't find nine guys who'll speak to each other.

"Lot of good stories out here," said Bud. "There's a girl named Diane Patterson who used to be a trapeze artist. She took up golf after she quit The Flying Viennas." Really?

"Got a kid named Pam Barnett who throws her wig around when she gets mad, instead of breaking clubs."

Good.

"How about the Watusi Kid? Donna Caponi. She'll dance all night and play great golf."

Hmmmm.

"Got a couple of Japanese girls on the tour now. Chako Higuchi and Marbo Sasaki."

Ah, so.

"Hey," said Bud. "How about Sharron Moran? She's really attractive and she does these hat tricks. She's always wearing a different hat on the course. She must have 20 or more different hats."

Z-z-z-z-z-z. Oh, excuse me, Bud. Almost dropped off there for a minute.

The Sealy-LPGA Classic had an odd format. It was a 72-hole tournament for the girls, of course, with a hefty \$10,000 going to the winner. Well, that's big for the women. It's a shrug for the guys. Anyhow, John Montgomery, the tournament director, had it all worked out that to make it different—to give it something extra—it would be played sort of like the Crosby in reverse. The lady pros would have men partners every day in what constituted four separate Pro-Ams. In other words, each day the girls would play for some extra cash, and the amateur men would compete for what appeared to be just about all of the Steuben glass that had ever been steubed.

On Wednesday evening John Montgomery ran down the list of all the glittering male types from sports and

show biz who had been invited to participate. There were Joe Namath, Glen Campbell, Mickey Mantle, Joey Bishop, Don Adams, Joe DiMaggio, George Blanda, Jerry Lucas, Fred Williamson, Joe Williams, Tige Andrews, Fred Biletnikoff, Peter Marshall, Jim Lange, Dale Robertson, Joe Louis, Vic Damone.

"And you," he said.

"I said uh-dub-who?"

"You play at 8:42 a.m. with Donna Caponi and Glen Campbell," John said.

Later that evening my lovely wife, whom I shall call June, and I were trying to decide where to go in Vegas—I was torn between "Vive Les Girls" at the Dunes and "Geishaarella" at the Thunderbird—when she asked what I was going to wear tomorrow morning because there would be a gallery.

The usual, I said. My basic-blue button-down with the sleeves cut off and bush jeans. Maybe the gray sweater.

"You'll smother to death and look stupid," she said. "How's your game?"

Terrific, if I don't shank, I said.

"Then *don't* shank," she said. "What'll Glen and Donna think?"

Relax, I said. What do show-biz guys know about golf? And forget Donna. This is hardly the Masters, you know.

You could probably say that the crowd was fairly large around the 1st tee, most of them there to see Glay-yun. We stood around for a little bit, posed for pictures and waited for the P.A. to announce our pairing. Donna Caponi came over and said, "You and Glen both have eight strokes. We've got a chance to win this today. We'll just play loose and see what happens."

I told Donna that the tournament itself was the most important thing, where she was concerned. We'd try not to bother her, me and Glen, I said.

"Listen, we're going to have fun," she smiled.

Donna teed off first and whipped it about 240 down the middle with a pretty solid swing, and it suddenly dawned on me that she was, after all, the U.S. Women's Open champion of the past two years.

Glen Campbell stepped up next and flogged it about 260 down the middle with a very good swing, and I wondered where in the hell that came from.

I don't recall a great deal of applause when I was announced on the tee, but I do remember teeing up the ball, backing away for a practice swing and seeing my wife over behind the ropes. She was trying to tell me something in a whisper, hoping I could read her lips. Which I could. She was saying: "Take ... off ... the ... dumb ... sweater ... Dummy."

That didn't bother me, however. I opened up with the tee shot I always open up with—a howling slice which, when last charted, was headed so far out of bounds that Glen Campbell said, "Fore on The Strip."

The provisional drive I hit was the same old second effort, a boring hook that hammered its way into the nearest fairway bunker.

"That completes our clinic, folks," Campbell said. And we were off.

It wasn't the most comfortable triple-bogey 8 I've ever

continued



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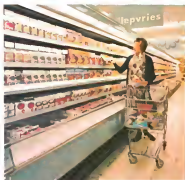




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Slow-Play Fay *continued*

made because, by notable contrast, Campbell put a spoon up near the green in two and had a couple of leisurely putts for a birdie. Donna raced over and kissed him.

Look, I'm just one, I said. Can I play through?

"If you're not going to try," my lovely wife said, "then I'll just go on back to the hotel and wait for you by the swimming pool."

By the end of the 3rd hole I had cost our team a net birdie by missing a two-foot putt—specifically, my wife said, because I refused to take a cigarette out of my mouth before I stroked the ball, and I had smashed another drive out of bounds and made a double bogey.

"You have a good swing," Donna Caponi was kind enough to say, "if you'll slow it down about four speeds."

Yeah, I know what to do, I said. It's just that sometimes, if you drink a little . . .

"You'll be O.K.," Donna said. "Just take it back low and slow."

A little later my lovely wife came over and said, "Can I go for anybody a Coke, or a golf shirt, perhaps?"

Billy Casper frequently plays in a sweater in warm weather, I pointed out, rather testily.

"You're soaked under that thing," she said. "Yuk."

I'll tell you what else is making me hot, I said.

There were those in the gallery who, were they willing, could testify that for the next several holes everybody in our threesome, including the dummy, played pretty well. Donna Caponi certainly wasn't any Slow-Play Fay or Play-Slow Flo. She was hard at work on a 71. Glen Campbell, the celeb, was in the process of carving out a surprising 72. When I finally started helping, our team chewed its way down to serious under-par figures. My moment of real glory came at the 13th when I got into a good drive, and a decent eight-iron, and then casually dropped a 15-footer for a birdie. Smoking. Donna raced over and gave me a birdie kiss, the crowd clapped, Glen patted me on the damp sweater and I looked around for the wife. Wasn't there, naturally. Had gone to get another Coke. Figured. You blew my birdie back there, I told her.

"Well, thank goodness for something good," she said.

"I just wish you hadn't picked today to play so badly."

Hold it, I said. It's not all that bad. I'll be about an 82 with a triple bogey and a double bogey. Take away those two holes and . . .

"Glen's played just great all the way," she said.

. . . It's down to about a 77 or so, which isn't all that . . .

"He's really hit some wonderful shots."

. . . bad, actually. And I've made a few pars. It isn't exactly like I never hit a single . . .

"I love his shirt and pants. Aren't they good-looking?"

. . . shot, all day long. I mean, it's not exactly my profession, playing golf. Considering that I only play . . .

"Did he say he'd get us a table for his opening tonight at the International?"

. . . a few times a year, living in Fun City, whereas certain show-biz guys don't have anything to do but play a guitar and hang around Riviera and Lakeside . . .

"Isn't he the cutest thing? And so nice and friendly."

. . . and, anyhow, you sure missed seeing a good birdie back there.



Nobody I've ever known in my entire life has ever won a Pro-Am. I have played in maybe 7,895 of them over the past 25 years, with any number of fine partners—guys who could really play and guys who had a bundle of strokes to use—and I have very often been "the leader in the clubhouse," as the TV commentators say, but before nightfall every one of these Pro-Am's has been won by a bunch of guys from Sacramento or Tampa. The pro would be an unknown, and his amateur partners would consist of a real-estate developer, an electrical contractor and a priest. They would be 24 under par.

Obviously, then, it was quite silly for Donna Caponi, Glen Campbell or me to think that our measly little round of 14-under would win anything on that first day. And of course it didn't. Marilyn Smith had a team that featured Jerry Lucas, the basketball star who had just been traded to the Knicks. Jerry was so delighted with the trade that he went out with his 12 handicap and shot a two-under 70—gross—just like most of the 12-handicappers I ever knew back in Texas. They won laughing.

At the daily cocktail party and prizegiving, where all the Sealy folks got to work on their autograph collections and wondered where Joe Namath was, Jerry Lucas apologized and Donna Caponi confided that she was taking a party of 12 to both Glen Campbell shows that night.

For Friday's round the dummy got himself a golf shirt, his wife stayed at poolside, he drew for a pro a nice young married lady from Midland, Texas named Judy Rankin who had captured three LPGA tournaments last year, and, for his other partner, a guy from Tampa with a long drive and a lot of strokes. Guy named Bill. Land developer. I thought we were a lock.

For a long time we were. Bill from Tampa was a cheerleader who called our pro "Judy, baby," and liked to take out a nine-iron for a five-iron shot and announce, "If it's only 170 yards, a nine's plenty for me, baby."

We played the back nine first and didn't cause any particular commotion until the 18th (our ninth) when I did one of those things we all did every week when we were 15 years old. I holed out a chip shot for an eagle.

From up on the TV tower, where the Hughes Network people were rehearsing, Bob Toski was giggling. "Where'd you learn that?" he called down. "In a subway?"

Our gallery consisted primarily of one: Walter (Yaggy) Rankin, Judy's husband, a golf widower, a big, good-

natured guy who sells insurance when he's not applying body English for his wife's punts.

Sometimes on the incoming nine, Yippy Rankin made the mistake of telling us, "You know, you-all are 15-under and that's leading. I think you can win it today."

The ninth hole at The Desert Inn course (which would be our last) is an unprintable annoyance as far as I'm concerned. You have two choices off the tee on this par-4. You can drive it into a pond on the left or out of bounds into some homes on the right.

Knowing we had it all wrapped up, then, Judy Rankin promptly hit her drive into the pond, and I promptly hit mine out of bounds. None of this seemed to bother Bill from Tampa, however. He just stepped up and split the fairway with a boomer. Nine-iron to the green.

"I'll handle it, baby," he said.

When we reached Bill from Tampa's tee shot, we could see the scoreboard and absorb the fact that our team was leading. I reminded our partner that he had a stroke on the hole, on top of everything else, so there was no point in being brave. Just a little flip up there to the big, safe part of the green and two putts would give us 16-under, more than we needed. That'll be a sweet \$500 for Judy Rankin and some Steuben for the good guys.

"Don't worry, I'll put her right up there, baby," said Bill from Tampa.

Who cold-bladed it out of bounds, and we finished tied for second.

Saturday's round was fairly uneventful, except for the fact that I was paired with some of the best set decoration on the new ladies' tour. She was Donna's sister, Janet Caponi, who wears hot pants and helps make the LPGA look a lot different from the way I remembered it. Donna had taken the lead in the Sealy Classic itself, and we spent a lot of time asking for reports on her round. It was hot and windy, and the round passed as slowly as you might guess it would for somebody who had now been in Las Vegas for five days, which is the equivalent of 17 years. I was sadly over-Don Rickles-d, over-Bill Cosby-d, over-Juliet Prowse-d, over-dinner-and-late-show-d, over-black jack-d and soundly asleep on each and every backswing.

John Montgomery and Bud Erickson decided that I created something of a minor problem for Sunday's final round. They had quite an athletic event on their hands, what with Donna Caponi holding a one-stroke lead over Janie Blalock, who had a sweet personality and a fine, fine game, and Sandra Palmer, an old friend of mine, as it happened, from Texas, who had yet to win her first tournament. And bunched together right behind them were all of the other top lady pros: Sandra Haynie, who had just won three in a row, Marlene Hagge, Jo Ann Prentice, Kathy Whitworth, Peggy Wilson, Pam Barnett, Margie Masters, Judy Rankin and Carol Mann.

Not only were the girls going out there on Sunday and battling it out for what was a big payday for them, they were going to have to play threesomes: two lady pros with one ce-

leb of sorts. For example, Montgomery and Erickson (and Sealy) thought it would be nifty for national television if there was a Glen Campbell or Joe Namath in every group of girls. And no writers.

"Let's face it," Bud Erickson told me. "You're not much of a TV attraction."

Just blurt it out, Bud, I said. No need to doll it up.

"How about 7:37 a.m. with Mary Lou Daniel and Jan Ferraris?"

I said I thought I'd be off the tables by then. Fine.

Part of the offering Sunday, to keep the men stimulated, was a competition for a huge chunk of Steuben shaped into the form of a trophy, The Heart of Variety Cup, they called it. A man took his handicap and used it, and took the best holes he could get from his two lady pros, and all of that counted as his score, best ball.

Inasmuch as I was a dew sweeper that Sunday, Mary Lou and Jan and I got around rather swiftly. In fact, we finished at 11 o'clock just as Donna Caponi, Janie Blalock and Glen Campbell were teeing off. Mary Lou and Jan had been excellent companions and pretty impressive shotmakers. I must admit.

Maybe I particularly liked the two of them because I beat them with a light-running 75. From memory. In any case, our combined scores gave me eight-under for the round, and I was the leader in the clubhouse.

"Hey," John Montgomery said. "You're the leader in the clubhouse."

That's right, Byron, I said. Now back to you, Chris.

When you finish early you get to be the leader in the clubhouse for quite a long time. At The Desert Inn, I suppose I was the leader in the clubhouse for, oh, three or four hours. As a matter of fact, I was the leader in the clubhouse for so long that I finally started worrying that I might win.

There is no rule, of course, which says the leader in the clubhouse can't leave the clubhouse. So I went out on the course to watch Donna, Janie and Sandra Palmer throw the lead in the Sealy back and forth in pure melodramatic fashion. Hell of a tournament. They were each making one immense pressure shot after another while the Namaths and Campbells tried to stay out of the way.

Presently, after glancing at a scoreboard, I realized that I was a co-leader in the clubhouse. Although I had finished ahead of a split end, some guy from *Pinecrest Junction*, another guy from *Med Squad*, a fellow from *Brack-*

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Slow-Play Fay

en's World, The Dating Game man, a couple of pro quarterbacks and the guy from *The Hollywood Squares*, I had suddenly been tied by Mr. Duthers, or an actor named Charles Lane.

Then it all fell apart. Namath, Mantle and Campbell went by me, and then here came Don Adams with 18 strokes and a couple of pretty fair partners in Sandra Haynie and Marlene Huggo. He would win by a stroke.

"You're tied for fifth in the clubhouse," my wife said.

The Sealy-LPGA Classic came down to the very last hole where Sandra Palmer, who had never won a tournament, held a one-stroke lead over Donna Caponi, directly behind her. As Sandra hit her second shot into a front bunker by the 18th green, Donna smashed a big drive down the fairway. Everybody figured it would go into sudden death.

I curiously found myself standing out there halfway up the fairway watching both, pulling for both: for my old friend Sandra from the old home town, the ex-college cheerleader whom I had first seen play when she was 14, and for my new friend, Donna, the dancer, in many ways the solidest player of all the girls.

My wife said, "You've got to admit this is pretty exciting."

Big deal, I said. Ten thousand dollars. Nicklaus said that much for marking his ball.

"You're phony," she said.

Yeah, I know, I said. But keep it in the family. It's an image deal.

About then, Sandra Palmer hit a slightly stupendous bunker shot that took two hops and rolled straight into the cup for an eagle 3; for all of the whoops, all of the glory and the biggest chunk of the cash. For victory.

I saw her later. She was still in semi-shock from her first win.

"Did you have fun?" Sandra asked. "I hope you got to see that we have lots and lots of really fine players out here and some awfully nice people."

That's true, I said.

"It's great you could be here. I hope a lot of the girls have told you that," Sandra said.

They had, and it was embarrassing.

"See you again somewhere?"

I grinned and said I'd have to check the towns first. See what the bus schedules were like. And the diners.

Sandra laughed.

"We'll see you again," she said. **END**



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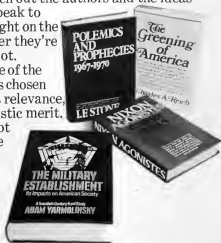
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IT'S SOME BACKYARD

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

FIGURE—JOHN WILLIAMS, 17, of Craneyville, Pa., won the men's title with 2,441 points at the world championships in York, England. Elizabeth Krieger-Lorenson was second with 2,331. EMMA GARGHEWALD of the U.S.B.F. took the women's title, edging Mrs. Dorcas Weber of Jefferson, Iowa, 2,390 to 2,371.

AUTO RACING—RICHARD PETTY drove his Plymouth to victory in the Buick 500 at the Atlanta International Speedway, becoming the first stock-car driver to top the million mark in earnings on the NASCAR circuit (page 35).

JACKIE STIGWART made his point total to 51 in the World Driving Championship by winning the German Grand Prix in the record time of 1:28.557. Stewart drove his Tyrrell-Ford an average of 114.5 mph over the Nurburgring, as food test-taster Franzen Coven of France finished second. Jacky Jakic, who starts for behind Stewart in second place with 30 points, cruised off the track on the second lap.

BOATING—Jesse Philpott's CHARIOT, a 36-foot Spartan and Verberth-designed yacht, won Class A and overall honors in the 215-mile First Harbortown-Moriches yacht race with a corrected time of 32:44.8. Philpott also claimed the winner of last year's race, a 35-mile islander.

ROWING—JOHNNY PETRAGLIA of Brooklyn filed his record 19th consecutive earnings to \$37,816 with a victory over Bob Sundberg in the finals of the \$37,500 Serrano Open in Houston.

SWIMMING—Eighteen-headed heavyweight MAC FOSBERG of Los Angeles knocked out Billy Foster of Cincinnati at 2:58 of the fifth round of a scheduled 10-round bout in Los Angeles, for his 21st K&D in 28 fights.

CHIEF—TIGRAN PETROSIAN of the Soviet Union won his seventh match in the world chess championship against Viktor Korchnoi, and thereby the right to face Bobby Fischer in the challenge's final. Earlier, Petrosian drew the fifth game for a 5½-½ victory.

FESTIVAL—Earl Merrill completed 26 of 30 points for 129 yards and three touchdowns in the B&W-LYNEX COLTS to a 24-7 win over the College All-Stars at Soldier Field in Chicago (page 12).

GOF—ARNOLD PALMER and **JACK NICKLAUS** led all the way to gain their second straight National Team Championship with a 25-under-par 237 at the Laurel Valley Golf Club in Luganville, Pa. (page 44).

PETER TOWNSEND of Britain edged from two strokes behind with a final-round 70 to win the Swiss Open at Crans-sur-Sierre with a second 14-under-par 270.

HORNER RACING—TIMOTHY T. (Tim), driven by John Sangster Jr., was the \$100,000 Washington Trot at New York's Remsen Parkway in 2:11. Neither driver nor horse had gone the 1/4-mile distance before, but they had combined last season to take the Harrisburg Colonial and Kentucky Fantasy. Gansler finished second, three-quarters of a length behind.

HORNER RACING BOLD REAVON (34-20), Laffie Pizack up, gained his fifth consecutive victory in the \$125,000 American Derby in Chicago by led a length over Mr. Pros Wex.

CHEYRON FLIGHT (34-60) earned his fourth stakes victory of the year by taking the \$17,550 Spring Stakes at Monmouth Park, N.J. The 2-year-old champion colt, with Martin Freeman riding, finished a head in front of Chariot over a one-length to last place.

RUN THE GANTELT (52-7), the only 3-year-old in the field, won the \$41,000 final Handicap at Aqueduct by four lengths over Roy of Harbortown.

OVER THE COUNTER (34-20), a 3-year-old brown gelding ridden by Jerry Lambert, beat favored Cougar II by 1/2 a length to take the two-mile, \$110,150 Saratoga Handicap at Hollywood Park.

PAR-AMERICAN GAMES—PAT MATZDOERF, pending world record holder in the high jump, won the first gold medal for the U.S. with a leap of 6' 10 1/2" shortly before midnight on the opening day of competition in Cali, Colombia. **HANK SHORTER** followed with a first place in the 10,000-meter run. **ARLENE STINA** earned the first three girls in rowing the four with coxswain, the women's cultural crew and the single sculls, with by world champion Alberto Tomba. **CARMEL ROMEIRO** of Cuba set a Pan-Am record in the women's 800 with a winning time of 1:57.87.

BAILING—BILL SHORE of the Buffalo Canoe Club won the World Lightning Class Championship in Helsinki by finishing third in the final race. Shore had taken a second, third and first in the previous three.

SWIMMING—The U.S. Olympic squad dominated the Australian Championships at Mount Bate in Manly, Kanherwa of Mt. Bate, N.Y., won the 100 and 200 yard sprints.

TENNIS—IVONNE GODOLAGONG acquired her third major European title in two months, by de-

beating Sweden's Christina Sandberg 6-4, 6-3 in the Dutch Open in Heerlen.

MRS. BILLIE JEAN KING of Long Beach, Calif., won the women's singles title in the Australian International Championships in Kitzbuhel, near Lower Austria's South Tyrol 6-4, 6-3, 7-5.

TRUCK & FIELD—A WEST GERMAN woman's 4-cm in jumper field was won in the 4 x 500-meter relay by 8:2 seconds, or 16.8. The team of 13m Timi Solva-Schick, Christa Martin and Hildgard Falk set the mark in Lohr, the first German to set a world mark in preparation for the European championships in Helsinki.

BASEBALLS DISCONTINUED Interleague football after the 1971 season, by vote of the trustees of Adelphi University in Garden City, N.Y. Football was Adelphi's major sport, and acting President Ronald P. McGraw called it the most practical to drop in an economy-stricken era.

FIELD—ADVIN DARR, 49, manager of the Cleveland Indians, the last-place team in the American League East Division, left replacement for the remainder of the season. Coach JOHN LIPON, 48, Darr, a good-baiting shortstop on three previous seasons (1954-55, 1956-57, 1958-59) played 14 seasons in the National League. He also managed the San Francisco Giants (1961-64) and the Kansas City Athletics (1964-67) before taking over the Indians in 1968. Lipon, a last major league incident and an outstanding manager in the Indian farm system, has been a coach for three seasons. Earl Labov, "I have never done it. I think we'll try."

TRADED—Wade Knepper JERRY ELIAS of the Houston Oilers was traded to the Oakland Raiders for **LEONARD RYAN** and **CLINE PERGOLSON** in their trade. **DUANE THOMAS**, Dallas Cowboy running back and NFL Offensive Rookie of the Year last season, went to the New England Patriots for **ROCKINGBARK CARL CARPENT** (1969 A.F.L. Rookie of the Year) and the Patriots' No. 1 draft pick in 1972. Wade Knepper JERRY ELIAS was acquired by the Washington Redskins for **FRANK COTTON** and **SPYGLASS** who were in the Baltimore Colts.

DIED MYRIE HOAG, 53, New York Yankee outfielder from 1913-36 and member of the world championship teams in 1915, 1936-38, after a long illness in High Springs, Fla.

DIED JOHN (Chief) MEYERS, 90, who threw out a record 12 newsmen in the 1911 World Series while catching for the New York Giants at San Bernardino, Calif.

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FACES IN THE CROWD



DAVID COHEN, 10, of Blauvelt, N.Y., pitched eight no-batters in a 10-game Little League season, struck out 108 batters, had an ERA of 0.00 and a batting average of .609. He was chosen for the All-Star team, pitched two innings and did not give up a hit.



SCOTT MANN, 6, 255-pounder from Odessa, Texas, beat out 400 enemies to take the National High School Judo Championship. He was selected for a 10-man U.S. team that held an exhibition in Ceregia and was the only one to throw all his opponents.



NICOLETTE MILNES-WALKER, a 28-year-old British psychologist, became the first woman to make a nonstop solo crossing of the Atlantic Ocean. She left Dulles, Va., on her 30-foot sleep on June 12, arriving in Newport, R.I. 45 days and 3,500 miles later.



JEFF TAYLOR, a recent graduate of Bellevue High, became the first high-schooler in the country to do 16 feet in the pole vault this year, clearing 16' 1" at an all-comers meet at the University of Washington Stadium. He has vaulted 16' 4" in training.



KEN MUELLER, a Belmont, Mass. school teacher and marathon runner, won his third straight Lake Boone Bashford triathlon in a three-mile run, a 500-yard swim. He ran the three miles in 14:58, shed his shirt and shoes and finished in 29 minutes 35 seconds.



ROBERT JAMES, 12, from Sonland, Calif., led his Little League in home runs (21) and RBIs (52) during a 28-game season. Bobby also pitched six innings, striking out 166 batters and posting an ERA of 0.55. In the past three years he has hit 43 homers.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

HERE COMES THE ROADRUNNER

Sirs:

It won't be either a tortoise or a hare that captures the batting crown (*Aesop Is the Official Scorer*, July 26)—but a roadrunner. Speedster Ralph Garri of the Atlanta Braves, the major league's next 400 hitter, will win at a walkway. Beep! Beep! Joe and Willie.

PAUL L. FLECK

Phoenix

Sirs:

I think by season's end, Mark Mulvey will think of Glenn Beckert of the Chicago Cubs as more than a "long shot" for the National League batting title. How many times does Joe Torre sacrifice or hit behind a hitter as Beckert does? Glenn has to give up a few points on his average by hitting second in the Cubs' lineup.

BRIAN NIELSEN

Hoopstien, Ill.

WATCH OUT FOR RICO

Sirs:

In your brief list of noteworthy comebacks (*SCORECARD*, July 26), you failed to include Rico Carty. After missing the entire 1968 season because of tuberculosis, he came back in 1969 and batted .342 to lead the Atlanta Braves to the Western Division championship in the National League and won the batting title with a .366 average last year. He has yet to play a game this season because of an injury and will have to come back again. When he does, I hope you don't overlook him again.

ERNEST BLANKENSHIP

Augusta

DISSENT IN DIXIE

Sirs:

In *Africa Was Right as in Dixie* (July 26), one part disturbed me. That was the reference to the black vs. white scoreboard that students from Malcolm X Liberation University displayed. It's a shame that many sports events today become subjects of race demonstrations. It's about time sports were looked at for their own sake. Enough of this social and political exploitation.

ELLIOTT A. BLUM

New York City

Sirs:

Notwithstanding their travel and severely packed competitive schedule, the U.S. distance men were adversely affected by the North Carolina heat and humidity during the recent Pan Africa-U.S. track and field meet at Durham. A disproportionately large number of our athletes live, train and often race in drier or cooler climes.

Just as research before, during and after the Mexico City Games demonstrated the value of training at an altitude equivalent to the altitude of competition, so the U.S. military research complex has for years been accruing no impressive array of information on the debilitating effects of heat and humidity during strenuous activity. It may be well for athletes whose events require an excess of two minutes of continuous effort to recognize the heat-and-humidity factor as of import equal to that of altitude.

RICHARD S. MACHE

Boulder, Colo.

Sirs:

The crowd at the Pan Africa-U.S. meet, which I attended, was not predominantly black, although Peter Carry gave the impression that the black and white citizens could not support a spectacle of this nature together. They most certainly did, and the entire community is a lot better because of it.

The U.S. women performed brilliantly, but there was no mention of this or their score. Evidently the writer was more interested in the bongo drums in the stands than in giving comprehensive coverage to a major sporting event.

CHARLES B. STANLEY

Hillsborough, N.C.

WORLDS APART

Sirs:

In *SCORECARD* (July 26) you castigate the NAACP for planning to stage protests at sporting events in which South African athletes compete. You say that South African athletes are not necessarily representatives of apartheid, just as our athletes are not representatives of the Ku Klux Klan. This assumption is faulty, however, because apartheid is South Africa's national policy, whereas the Klan is only a private organization. This is an important distinction, which you should not try to minimize.

TERRY MICHAEL BANKS

Washington

AW SHUCKS

Sirs:

Pity those poor Cleveland Indian fans. Ken Harrison turns in his glove for a golf stick. Sam McDowell decides he'd rather watch the Indians on TV than go out to the ball park. Manager Al Dark is blamed for the team's sorry state and is fired. No wonder the fans latch onto a colorful but relatively insignificant ballplayer named Gomer Hodge (*Gomer Is Tops in the Tepee*, July 26).

Let Cleveland make a big noise over Hodge, but why does he rate a national

story when the best pinch hitter in the American League is Rich McKinney of the Chicago White Sox? Just compare their batting averages. McKinney is hitting a hefty .518 with 10 pinch hits, while Hodge is mired at .232. Just because McKinney doesn't have a vocabulary sprinkled with "Dad gums" and "fellas" doesn't mean he wouldn't make a more significant story than Hodge.

ALBERT LONGORABO

Manhasset, N.Y.

BETTER THAN BLANDA

Sirs:

George Blanda (*I Keep Getting My Kicks*, July 19 et seq.) is an ancient marvel, but I think my dad, Steve Wozniak, is even better. He is 56 years old, and he is rated the 10th best marathon swimmer in the world. He was the world's marathon swimming champion, and he is the only man ever to win the national long-distance championship four years in a row. He also won the President's Cup race three years in succession and, as a pro, he won the Canadian Pro National and was in the top three in money winnings from 1967 to 1963. Even at 56, he is the only man in the world who can kickboard for 17 miles nonstop. Furthermore, he trains with me three and four miles a day and still races in marathons. He does not win them anymore but finishes in the money.

TONY WOZNIAK

Buffalo, N.Y.

TWILIGHT TIME

Sirs:

Tex Maule's description of Muhammad Ali (*He Has Heavy Thumbs on His Mind*, July 26) in the twilight of a boxing career—but certainly not life—is without doubt the most analytical article on the man yet. While I have not always found myself in agreement with Ali's principles, he is beginning to make himself clearer to me and, after all, this is the key means of communication. A few more articles like this, and Muhammad Ali will be understood by many more people.

PETER GLATINSNER

St. Louis

NET HALL

Sirs:

I believe sports should be played for fun and exercise, not for fame, money and because a parent wants to relieve his life through his offspring's accomplishments (*Happiness Is Six Hours a Day with Your Eye on the Ball*, July 26). I am sorry that Chris Evert is intelligent and charming. It takes neither to be a great tennis player. It takes given ability and practice, and Chris has both. I feel

continued



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TENNIS HOLE

that Chris is missing a lot by not being a normal teen-ager. She may not mind missing youth now, but what if she misses it when it is too late to live it?

JAMES CAROZZA

Elmira, N.Y.

Sirs:

Being a tennis buff of sorts, I should like to go on record as a 100% booster of personable Chris Evert, the 16-year-old lass who has progressed so amazingly well in tennis. True, she has achieved most of these wins on familiar clay courts, but with her natural ability and gritty determination I'm confident she will prove equally capable on grass surfaces and will stroke on to bigger and better tennis triumphs. Here's to you, Chris.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

ANYONE FOR BIKE POLO?

Sirs:

Until I read George Plimpton's article on bicycle polo (*The Rafals' Game Falls on Hard Times*, July 19), I never knew such a sport existed on such a grand scale. I always thought bike polo was what my friends and I play in the street with croquet mallets and a tennis ball. The object of our game is, while dodging cars, to knock the ball across a manhole cover. The penalty for running someone with your bike is five laps around the block. Who knows, someday it may replace stockball!

JUD WEIKMAN

Buffalo

TRUE BLUE (CONT.)

Sirs:

In Roy Blount's article *Hannover a Rhapsody in Blue* (July 12), he wrote, "Traditionally, fireballing left-handers either mature late or break down early," and using Warren Spahn as one of his examples, he wrote, "He was 25 before he won a big-league game."

It's true that Spahn didn't win his first major league game until he was 25, but it wasn't because he matured late as was the case with the other left-handers. He pitched only four games for the Boston Braves in 1942, then entered the service for three years before returning in 1946 to win in the majors for the first time. It was military service that held Spahn up. He neither matured late nor broke down early and really didn't belong in Blount's story. Spahn may be the sole exception to the generalization, since he won 21 games in 1947 and won 20 or more 12 times after that.

BON ARAM

Milwaukee

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